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By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

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CAUSERIE.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," no doubt; and this perhaps accounts for the fact that the fools carry off so many of the prizes in trade, love, and war. Success can't be had without taking some chances; and the "angels" that deliberate too long are a little apt to be left out in the cold. "*L'audace, et encore l'audace, et toujours l'audace.*"

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The press justly claims to have vast power. Commensurate with that power is its responsibility. It is in duty bound to tell the news and tell the truth; but that involves no duty, no right, to spread before its readers in countless homes the details of crime or the doings of those charged with its detection and punishment. No

gentleman would feel justified in entertaining a parlor full of cultivated people with such recitals as appear in too many papers. Why should an editor call it "enterprise" to send such recitals into a thousand such parlors, knowing, as he does, their demoralizing tendency? Newgate calendars may interest: they certainly degrade; and the time will come when it will be recognized that editors are guilty of an offence, not alone against good taste, but against public morals as well, when they present to their readers a mental repast which, however appetizing, is full of subtle poison. To make record of and comment upon a great crime is clearly the duty of a journalist; but to turn it over and over, to draw the picture from every possible point of view, to fill the mind of his readers with its revolting and brutalizing details, to the exclusion of every thing that is elevating and ennobling, is as clearly a transgression.

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How these war memories come floating back! It seems like a dream now, but it was terribly real

then. At Olustee, just before the fight. "Please, sir," said Pat, an Irish corporal, "I think me horse wants to roll." "Very well," said the captain, "take off his saddle and let him roll, but mind you mount as soon as he is through." "Yes, sir," said Pat, saluting and falling to the rear. There was a brush with the "Johnnies" a few minutes later, and there was lively work for the next half-hour. When a lull came, the captain saw Pat sitting quietly on a stump, holding his saddle. "Where's your horse?" asked the captain. "Down in the field there, sir," answered Pat, rising to salute his commander. "Didn't I tell you to mount as soon as he had done rolling?" "Sure you did, captain, an' it's for that I'm waiting. He hasn't begun yet." It was Pat's last sally of wit. The poor fellow fell in the next charge.

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"PAINT her any color, so she's red," broke in Mose at the engine company meeting, when the boys got into a wrangle over the adornment of the new "tub." He had a rough way of putting it, but he merely expressed a strong man's natural

love for color, not tint or shade, but good, bright color. It is this that makes us, in these later days, welcome the honest coloring of Oriental art, despite its faulty and even grotesque drawing. Tints and tones may rest the eye, but color — true, deep color — is a tonic that strengthens it.

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Virtue is often a negative quality. The man who has no temptation to do wrong, and is so circumstanced that he finds it most natural and most easy to do right, has no special occasion to plume himself on his virtue, and is not to be held up as a pattern, by any means. For instance, there comes to mind a man who never drinks. He never did drink, he never wanted to drink, he doesn't like to drink, and — he doesn't drink. That is not virtue. Another did drink, always wanted to drink, drank to excess, does like to drink, but after a long and manly struggle succeeded in getting the mastery of himself, and does not drink. That is virtue. Yet the world praises the one because he never drank; and, though it applauds the other for con-

quering his appetite, remembers the time when it seemed to have conquered him. Let us praise virtue and applaud it, but let us make certain that it is virtue before the demonstration begins. People who bring into this world hot tempers, strong impulses, and fiery passions are certainly to be pitied, but not to be blamed unless they give way to them without effort; while if they control and conquer them, they deserve the highest praise. The more fortunate ones, whom Nature endows with cooler blood, genial, sunny tempers and more deliberate ways, are certainly to be congratulated, but never praised. The time will come when half the things that men complain of in their fellows will be treated as infirmities rather than as faults; when they will be cured, not punished.

"Then at the balance let 's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What 's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what 's *resisted*."

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He is six feet four, a fine, manly fellow; she four feet six, a little beauty. They have recently

returned from their wedding journey, and taken up their abode at a well-known boarding-house in this city. Last Sunday morning he left the breakfast table early, saying that he must hurry to be in time for his Sunday-school class. After he had gone, a lady said to the little bride, "So your husband has a class in Sunday school?" "Yes," she answered, timidly, "a class of little girls;" innocently adding, after a short pause, "he 's very fond of little girls." There was a suppressed smile all 'round, and the poor little woman blushed to the roots of her hair. It 's a shame to print it, but it 's too good to keep.

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At Oak Bluffs, one Sunday, while the boat for Woods Hole was lying at the wharf waiting for passengers, a dog that had been exposed to the sun's burning rays on the hot planks fell in a fit. He wasn't much of a dog, but he was "somebody's darling," nevertheless, as the event proved. He lay there in spasms. The crowd looked curiously on, gathering in a circle about him, but doing nothing. A bucket of cold water would

no doubt have brought him out of it, but there was no bucket handy, and it was the business of nobody in particular to fetch one. At last some officious person proposed that he should be thrown overboard. No sooner said than done. Four stout hands seized him, and with a "one, two, three," over he went — to drown. Hardly had the waters closed over him, when there arose a cry of sorrow and anguish, — a cry so piteous that it moved the hearts of all who heard it. It came from a little girl. The dog was her pet, her companion, and had been wantonly sacrificed because some officious bungler thought that a douse might revive him, and that, if it didn't, one dog more or less didn't matter much, anyhow. Perhaps not, to him; but those who saw the poor child's tears felt that it was a needless and cruel blow to her.

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Perhaps it is because of the growing scarcity of available men, perhaps it is because of the increasing independence of the fair sex, — whatever the reason, it is a fact patent to all who frequent places of amusement, that ladies venture

abroad in the evening without male escorts far more frequently than they did ten years ago, and it is greatly to the credit of our city that they can do so with impunity. A lady would hardly go out alone of an evening; but if accompanied by another of her sex, especially if one of the pair be tolerably along in years, — it is not necessary to give exact figures, — both feel comparatively safe. The result is that young men are not quite so much of a necessity as they once were, and are made to feel that they are no longer indispensable. Time was when a young man, simply because he was a man, was permitted to feel that he was a very important creature; but now that a male escort can with propriety be dispensed with on occasion, he has been made to descend from his high horse. He was wont to impose his cheap "horse talk" and slang on his lady friends, and was permitted to parade his conceit and ignorance, simply because he was a necessary evil; but times have changed all that, and he now often finds that unless he can command respect by his knowledge, his character, or his gentlemanly deportment, his room is considered

more desirable than his company. All of which is having an excellent effect upon the average young man of the period.

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It is not enough to keep a friend's secret; you must keep that you have it to keep. And this is the true test of one's power to keep a secret. Many who can and will refrain from actually divulging what has been committed to them, cannot refrain from letting the world know that they know something which they could tell if they would. And of all persons those are the ones to whom it is least safe to confide any thing.

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When the Second Advent fever was at its height many years ago, there was numbered among the eleventh-hour converts a man who was known as a hearty and frequent eater. It was in a New England village. According to the calculations of the elders, the "going up" was to take place at four o'clock on the morning of the next day. The believers, with the new convert among them, clad in white robes, assembled soon after midnight

and began singing hymns of praise. Four o'clock came and passed, but there were no signs of the coming of the chariot. At about five, the convert, who was getting hungry, ventured to inquire into the cause of the delay. He was informed that it arose from the difference between earthly and heavenly time. This satisfied him for a while, but towards seven o'clock, there still being no signs of any thing unusual, he approached the minister and asked him if he could state definitely what the difference in time was. The minister professed that that was beyond his ken. "Very well," said the doubter, who now began to feel the pangs of thirst as well as of hunger, "I'll wait just thirty minutes more. After that I shall scoff."

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In Florence, "a many years ago," there was a boarding-house, — a certain "Casa" something or other, the name is forgotten, — a veritable cage of song-birds, in which dwelt and studied a number of young ladies, gathered from all parts of Christendom, preparing themselves for the lyric stage. On pleasant days melody came pouring

out of every open window, and it seemed to passers-by as though the house must be the very home of harmony. But rumor said that it was full of the most distracting discord; that jealousy and envy ran high within its walls, and that its fair occupants were not a little given to saying disagreeable things of one another. And it was a cage in more senses than one, for it was presided over by an old she-dragon, who would let no one enter, and would not permit its inmates to walk abroad save under her guardianship. Most delightful accounts of the beauty, grace, and general "niceness" of the incarcerated students came to a crowd of jolly good fellows, then abiding in fair Florence, from the lips of an old *maestro* who taught them, and they were particularly struck with his description of a fair-haired and sweet-voiced young German girl who seemed to have no friend among her mates. At length it was announced that she was to "come out" at the Pergola, to make her début, in fact, and that she was to appear as Violetta in "Traviata." With this came a whisper that the other girls had predicted her failure, and had so worked upon her feelings

that she had lost all courage and heart. "She can sing better than the best of them," said the *maestro*, whose sympathies were fully aroused; "but unless she gets a little encouragement at the start, she will break down completely. Can't you boys fix it?" The boys thought they could. At all events, when the time came, the pit was well filled with an appreciative audience composed largely of waiters from the hotels and cafés, ready to do the bidding of a half-score of young fellows who occupied the front row. The plan worked to a charm. When the débutante appeared, there was a perfect storm of applause. She was a little startled, but the idea that anybody was working up a game for her never crossed her mind. Her reception encouraged and roused her, all nervousness was gone, she sang like a bird, and was cheered to the echo. After her first aria a large bouquet was handed over the footlights, followed by others at proper intervals throughout the evening, and after each act she was called before the curtain to make her acknowledgments. Never did the old Pergola witness such excitement. People in the boxes, catching the infection, sent

out for bouquets and showered them upon the stage by the dozen. The manager of the theatre congratulated the heroine of the evening in the green-room before the whole company, and the wonderful success of Signorina ——'s début was the talk of the town for a week. There was a good deal of gnashing of pretty little teeth in the boarding-house, and when the boys went round in the small hours of the night to serenade the happy recipient of so many honors, more than one window was closed in a very pronounced and expressive way. But that mattered nothing. The boys had a good time, the young lady had a good "send off," and nobody was hurt. Since then the lady in question has earned applause in Paris, in London, in St. Petersburg, and in Vienna; but Causeur believes that never was it more grateful to her than at the first performance, when the whole pit of the Pergola stamped and clapped as one man.

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A FRIEND and neighbor has a son who is so quick at repartee that it is a little dangerous to cross swords with him. He was out riding with his

father the other day, when, noting the name of a street, he asked if it was named for Mr. B——, a well-known but not altogether popular citizen. "By no means," said the father; "it was not named for him, but for his father, who was very popular and very much esteemed." The boy said nothing; so his father, who thought he saw a chance to preach a little sermon, continued, "It 's very apt to be so. A boy has a father whom everybody loves and respects for his good qualities and abilities, but in too many cases the boy don't amount to any thing." Said the boy, after a pause, "Your father was very much esteemed, wasn't he, sir?"

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A FRIEND, a journalist of distinction, now holding a very prominent and responsible position on one of the best-known papers in the country, had a peculiar experience once in getting a position on the staff of a New York daily. He applied to the editor-in-chief, who knew him well, and was aware of his ability and experience. "I 've nothing to offer you," he said; "but perhaps you 'd better see the managing editor." To

the managing editor, who also knew him well, the applicant went. "There 's nothing I can give you," he said, pleasantly; "why don't you see the editor-in-chief?" The next day he applied to both again, and the next, each time receiving the same answer. Dropping in on the fourth day, he noticed a vacant desk in the reporters' room, kept for any one who might want to use it. He called the office-boy, told him to clean up the desk and bring writing materials. Having "moved in," he sought the city editor's assignment book, picked out a job that he thought he could do, did it, laid the result on the city editor's desk, and went home. The next day he did the same thing, and the next, and the next. On the fifth day the editor-in-chief passed through the room while he was at his desk. "So you 've got to work?" he said, pleasantly. "Yes, sir," answered the self-appointed reporter. A day or two later the managing editor came in. "Got at it at last, eh?" he inquired. "Yes, sir," answered this latest addition to the staff, going on with his work. Things went on in this way for two weeks, when one morning the chief came in.

"How do you like your position?" he asked. "First-rate; there 's only one trouble: I haven't had any money yet." "*No money?* How's that? Perhaps the managing editor forgot to put your name on the roll. Never mind; I will. How much did he say you were to have?" "He didn't say, sir," said the reporter, telling the truth very literally. The chief fixed the pay then and there, dated it back two weeks, and the "hanger-on" became a full-fledged member of the staff on the spot. And the best of the joke was, that it was not until two years afterward that either the editor-in-chief or the managing editor knew how it came about, each supposing the other had done it. Two heads certainly were better than one that time — for the applicant.

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It was a pretty and interesting thought of the poet who declared that originally man understood, or at least could learn to understand, the talk of birds and beasts, just as he can now learn a language not his own. He held that man had drifted away from nature, and had thus shut him-

self up to his own kind, but that now and then there came one who, though he could not converse in the "natural language," could at least understand and interpret it. "Such a man," he declared, "is a poet — a born poet. He may make rhymes or he may not. That matters little. He is a poet at heart, and has the instinct, the feeling, the sympathy of a poet." Perhaps so, but where is the poet who will tell us *just* what the robins say to one another, as they flit about the cherry-trees; or expound the ceaseless chatter of the sparrows? The canary in his cage is saying something that his friend across the street doubtless understands, but to us it is only music. Burns, a true poet if ever there was one, a poet who loved nature in its every phase, only ventured an inference as to the burden of the wood-lark's pathetic song when he said, —

> "Naught but love and sorrow joined
> Such notes of woe could waken."

No, our poets are human, after all, and if men have drifted away from nature, the poets have kept them company.

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It was in a well-remembered café in Florence, many years ago. A companion, "a fellow of infinite wit," and, like all such fellows, of a bilious and dyspeptic temperament, had been gloomy and sullen all day, the result of that depressing November weather which is nowhere worse than in the valley of the Arno. But as the "strange invisible perfume" came steaming up from the cup before him, rich with the aroma of far-off Araby, his spirits revived, the merry twinkle came back to his dark eye, and a smile brightened his face, as he said, "Do you know, old fellow, that an honest man and a good cup of coffee are two of the noblest works of God?"

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In an old copy of Murray's Handbook for Switzerland, a copy that shows signs of wear and travel, — as well it may, for it has "made," in pocket and knapsack, most of the minor and many of the major passages of the Alps, — there stands, against the name of the little Valais town of Brieg, this startling announcement: "Hotel de la Poste — Bugs." This was clear and explicit,

and no doubt expressed the exact truth. At all events, tourists took it to be such, and gave the hostelry a wide berth. It is even recorded that an English "nilord," travelling that way, slept in his carriage in the court-yard all night, rather than enter a hotel which had so potent a black mark set down against it. The result was what may be supposed. A new hotel started up, the proprietors of the old house with the objectionable tenants were forced to sell out, and the later editions of Murray indicate that Brieg now boasts two inns, neither of which has inherited the feature which made their predecessor so undesirable, and all because a guide-book had the pluck to tell the truth. And this leads to the remark that one thing greatly needed in America is an honest and truthful guide-book, one in which the advertising feature will not stare the reader in the face wherever he opens it, and that will be in fact as well as in name a "guide." As it is, the unwary traveller finds that the compilers — they have no authors — of his guide-books, moved thereto by liberal advertising on the part of shrewd Bonifaces, sound the praises of hotels

which, on being tested, prove to be dreary as to comforts, detestable as to table, and simply abominable as to beds and toilet conveniences. The unvarnished truth is the first and chief prerequisite in any reform, and the American guide-book that dares to give it will not only prove a mine of wealth to its publishers, but a blessing and a boon to the travelling public in America.

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Not long since, a lady living upon the patrician soil of the West End was forced to make a business visit into the benighted region of the South End. Repairing thither, this Lancastrian rose was not a little surprised to find upon the walls of the modest mansion pictures to which the most decorative denizen of the Eleventh Ward could take no exception. When the mistress of the house came to receive her guest, she met this greeting: "I am so surprised to find a 'Meyer von Bremen'! While I was wondering, I espied another example and an aquarelle, also, of this, my favorite artist. I did not expect to find at the South" — Here gentle breeding got the

better of astonishment, and business was proceeded with at once. As the lady drove away, the South End resident, a "sadder and a wiser woman," was passing her nursery door, when these words from the lips of her baby-boy fell upon her ear: "There was once a little pea; it dwelt in a little pod; it was so green that it thought the pod absorbed all the beauty and light and color there was in the world." And the mother smilingly took the lesson to her heart.

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A LITTLE miss of four years, while walking with her father the other day, saw a long funeral procession approaching. She had learned in a general way that funerals were for the conveyance of the deceased to the grave; but her ideas must have been somewhat confused, for after looking at the long line of carriages for some moments in silence, she asked, "Papa, where are they taking all these dead folks to?"

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IT was once Causeur's good fortune to spend a few days in the modest home of a friend of slender

means, a home that was all that its owner could afford to make it, yet lacked many things that would have made it more comfortable and convenient. During his stay, two guests were entertained at tea, both of them men of means and wide acquaintance, accustomed to all the luxury that wealth can give. But they were widely different in their behavior. The first dwelt upon the fact that the house was in an out-of-the-way spot, and that there were few or no neighbors. At table he told of the delicious tea he had drunk at the house of one friend, of the rich tea-service that he had seen upon the table of another, of the rare old china that was used in his own household, and of the dainty meals he had eaten from it. In the cramped little sitting-room, after tea, he sat by the stove and talked of the delights of an open wood-fire, of his enjoyment of rare and costly books and pictures, and of twenty other things that the host of whose hospitality he had partaken did not and could not possess. When he had gone, it was clear, although nothing was said, that his visit had caused pain, that it had made the wife feel her straitened circumstances

more keenly than ever, and cast a shadow over her husband's thoughts. The next evening came the other visitor. He brought good cheer in his very face. The room, he said, felt so warm and comfortable after his walk, which, he added, was just the thing to give a man a good appetite for his supper. At table he spoke of every thing that was nice, congratulated his host on having such a snug little home, apologized for eating so much, but couldn't help it, because it was "so good" and tasted "so home-like," liked the old black tea-pot because it was just like the one his mother had when he was a boy, and told his hostess, who was all smiles and as happy as a queen, that she ought to thank her stars that she had no gas or furnace to ruin the flowers that made her room look so cheerful. After tea he insisted that the children should not be sent to bed "just yet;" said he wanted to tell them a story, as he did; and when he had done, and had kissed them good-night, they trudged off upstairs with beaming faces, under the guidance of a mother who felt that a ray of real sunshine had entered her home, making it better and happier for all time. And

then he smoked a pipe, declaring that he preferred it, because he had that delicacy which forbade his taking out his well-filled cigar-case, praised the housewife's taste in arranging the prints and chromos that adorned the walls, and declared that the home-made mat on the floor was a very marvel of needlework. The very first book he laid his hand on proved to be his "favorite author," and furnished the theme for a half-hour's chat. And when it was time for him to leave, he said that he hadn't had so good a time for months, hoped they'd invite him again, and left with a hearty "good-night" to everybody. And the best of it was, that there was nothing studied in all this. He said pleasant things because he liked pleasant things, and he abstained from criticisms and comparisons because he disliked them. And when he had gone, husband and wife felt that their efforts to make their little home pleasant and comfortable had not been in vain, and in their hearts they blessed the kind soul who had revealed them.

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Your true soldier never forgets that a wise commander always keeps a force in reserve to fall back upon for support. This was well illustrated in Baltimore, some sixteen years ago, when a private soldier, evidently a little the worse for liquor, stepped up to a group of gentlemen in front of the Eutaw House and announced that he placed his trust "in Ulysses Grant." No attention was paid to him at first, but he persisted in his assertion, and in a loud tone repeated, "Gentlemen, I place my trust in Ulysses Grant." At this one of the party, a clergyman and a good friend of the soldiers, felt bound to reason with him, and said, "It's all very well to have faith in your general, my boy, but your trust should be in a higher power. Now, I have the utmost confidence in General Grant, but I place my trust in God." "That's where you're wrong, old man," said the soldier, "and I'll tell you why. I put my trust in Ulysses Grant. If he fails me, I fall back on God. Suppose God fails you, where's your reserve?" The good clergyman did not stop to discuss the question further, but the answer was noted as a curious illustration of how far the

teachings of the camp will carry an ignorant man in affairs spiritual.

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It was in the far, far West. The barkeeper had been crossed in some way during the afternoon and was in ill-humor. Up stepped a thirsty citizen and rapped impatiently on the bar. "What shall it be, 'jedge'?" said the mixer of drinks. "Well," said the "jedge," "make it a gin cocktail with a bit of mint in it." "That ain't what you want," answered the barkeeper, "you want whiskey straight, *you* do." "No, I don't," persisted the "jedge," "I tell you I want a gin cocktail with a bit"— "No, you don't, jedge; no, you don't. You're goin' to have whiskey straight; and more'n that," he added, trying the keen edge of his bowie on his thumb nail, "you're goin' to drink it out of a tin dipper." The "jedge" admitted the force of the argument and changed his mind. —— This recalls the story of an Eastern man, accustomed to the luxuries to be had at Delmonico's, who dropped into a restaurant in a Nevada mining town for dinner. The head waiter, who was also junior proprietor of the

establishment, accosted him with, "Well, colonel, what'll *you* have?" "Beefsteak and mushrooms," answered the "colonel," as "peart" as possible. "Guess not," said the waiter, who felt that he was being "guyed." "Guess not? Why not? Bring me a beefsteak with mushrooms right away." "Look here, stranger," said the waiter, "I don't want to make no trouble, yer know, but I don't allow no man to quarrel with his vittles in this ranch." With that he took a six-shooter from his hip pocket, cocked it, and holding it in a suggestive way, added, "Hash is what you're goin' to eat." The "colonel" had hash.

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A FIG for etiquette! It is a hindrance to good fellowship, a bar to neighborly kindness. It keeps apart and estranges those who should and would come together. It is cold and unfeeling. Out upon it. Mr. Younghusband takes his family into a new neighborhood. All is strange. There are pleasant-looking houses in the street, and pleasant-looking people live in them. Younghusband is happy. He flatters himself that his

wife will now have what she has so long sighed for, — society; not society in the sense which has all but usurped the word's significance, but companionship during the long days, while he is busy in the city. In due time the neighbors drop in. They are shown the new house, they praise its arrangement and convenience. They applaud the taste shown in the selection of carpets and furniture. They rave over the ample closets. They go away, and leave a pleasant impression. Mrs. Younghusband confides to her lord that she likes Mrs. Neighbor, and Mr. Younghusband has struck a balance and found that *he* likes *Mr.* Neighbor. Mr. and Mrs. Neighbor, on their way home, mutually conclude that they like the new-comers, but the fundamental thought in their minds is that "*that* call is made," as though it was a disagreeable task happily accomplished. In due time the "call" is returned, and the books are squared. It won't do for Mr. Neighbor and his wife to go again too soon, — they don't want to seem "intrusive." But at length it is accomplished, and again "*that* call is made." Once more there is a "society" balance against the Younghusbands,

and in time they discharge it. And so the dreary books are balanced and unbalanced, a weary duty on both sides. There is no heartfelt companionship, and if acquaintance thus formed sometimes ripens into friendship, it is the exception that proves the rule. Count your friends, your real friends, — you can do it on your fingers' ends, — and ask yourself how many of these ever came to you through the door of etiquette; count those who might have been your friends, whose friend you hoped to be, and who in turn hoped to know you intimately, and say how many of them have been kept from you by the rules of etiquette.

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Nothing is more beautiful or more worthy of respect than an exhibition of simple faith, even when those who witness it cannot themselves partake of it. Protestants may and do smile at some of the observances of the Roman Church, but when the faith of those who engage in them is undoubted, they must command respect. All who have travelled in Europe have seen at frequent intervals along the highway in Catholic

countries little shrines, more or less rude, some consisting only of a cheap print of the Virgin or the Saviour, framed, and protected from the weather by a pent roof let into the wall of house or garden. On a mountain pass, during a ramble through the Oberland, Causeur was one day crossing a footbridge, when he came upon a little girl, not over nine years of age, who was kneeling before a modest shrine at its centre. Before the shrine lay a bunch of fresh wild-flowers, and the little one was addressing a fervent prayer to the Virgin (*not* to the picture of the Virgin), to whom the shrine had been reared. It was a wild and lonely spot, at least two miles from any habitation, night was coming on, and it seemed strange that a child of such tender years should be there alone at such an hour. He stood with uncovered head until the little maid had crossed herself and risen from her knees, and then asked how she came to be there all alone. With child-like simplicity she answered that her mother was sick at home; that her father, who was a hunter, had been gone two whole days, and that she knew that if she brought some flowers and prayed to

the good Virgin, she would keep her father from all harm and bring him safely home. This was told in a perfectly simple, straightforward, matter-of-fact way, without a particle of restraint, and seemingly with just as much confidence that her prayer would be answered as an American child would feel concerning a favor she had asked of her mother. The little one's path lay down the mountain. The two walked along together, the diminutive native telling all the small gossip of the valley. Arrived at her home, — a very modest little cottage, — Causeur entered and was kindly welcomed, receiving the mother's thanks for seeing her little girl home, and a generous supper of goat's milk and black bread. Just as he was about leaving, there was a heavy step in the little porch, and a moment later the father of the family had entered. "And so my little one has been praying for me," he said. "When I stopped on the bridge to thank the good Virgin for her care of me, I saw the flowers, and I tracked her footprints all the way home. But whose were the big feet that came with them?" The wife looked at Causeur, whom the hunter had not no-

ticed, and explained his presence. The brave fellow lifted his hat and extended his hand. "I thank you, sir," he said, "for seeing my little girl safely home; but she was in no danger. The good Virgin would not let any harm come to a little child who prays to her night and morning, and loves her so dearly." If poor weak humanity is saved by faith, surely that Swiss hunter, his wife, and child will have front seats.

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THERE are a great many unreasonable people in this world, and the queer part of it is, that the most unreasonable are generally the ones who delude themselves into the belief that they have reason on their side. They always have a carefully devised and well-studied line of argument, which thoroughly convinces them, and which they believe impregnable. A gentleman, now well advanced in years, came to Boston forty-odd years ago a poor lad. He came well recommended, was bright and smart, and had a wonderful capacity for work. Unlike their successors, the Boston capitalists of that day believed in the

vigor and zeal of youth; they were wise enough to see that if they gave an intelligent, active, and hard-working lad something to do, they would get the lion's share of the benefit; and they were big-minded enough not to worry if he made something more than a pittance out of it, too. Not out of favoritism or any special kind-heartedness, but because of the advantage to those who did it, the young man in question was "taken up," as the phrase is. He hadn't a dollar in the world, but he was industrious, painstaking, and frugal; he had a clear head, and worked with an incentive, — bread and butter. He did so well, and won such a reputation for success in every thing he undertook, that business came pouring in upon him, and he made money. Opportunities for favorable investment offered here and there. He availed himself of them, and made more money. He was ready to do his share of public work, and did it satisfactorily. Hard as it is to believe nowadays, his employers, venerable men in high shirt-collars, bald heads, and gold-headed canes, were actually proud of his success; nay, they were enthusiastic about it, and

did their best to promote it, not for his sake, be it remembered, but for their own. Boston merchants were long-headed in those days. Time passed on. "The youth had grown a man," a man with a family. He had prospered and was rich. His children grew up, and had every luxury, comfort, and advantage that wealth could afford. They had the best teachers, mingled in the best society, went through college, made the "grand tour" of Europe, and came home to begin work. Is it strange that they did not take hold with the same spirit, the same zeal, that he showed forty-odd years ago? Is it strange if they do not rise before daylight, as he did, and work until the small hours of the morning? Is it strange that they prefer a luxurious meal in a sumptuous club-room at mid-day, to a hasty lunch eaten in ten minutes snatched from work? The father thinks it is. He cannot see, he says, why his boys should not do as he did. "When I was your age," he said to his son one day, "I used to work" — "Yes, sir," answered the son, respectfully, "when you were my age you used to work from some unheard-of hour in the morning until some equally

unheard-of hour at night. You had to. You would have starved to death if you hadn't. But it isn't so with me, sir. The conditions are different. You made them different. I don't realize that I 've got to. I know better. I don't mean to be idle; I don't want to be, and I 'm not. But I lack the incentive you had. If you hadn't had the incentive, you wouldn't have worked so hard. I haven't got it, and so I don't." The father, although pleased at his son's vigorous defence of his position, refused to be convinced. "There 's a good deal in that boy," he said, "if he would only *work*. At his age I" — He saw that he was laying himself open to another attack, and desisted. But his faith in his argument remains unshaken. —— This recalls a story heard in New York a year or more ago. One morning a young man who had recently been admitted as a partner into a well-known publishing house in that city reached the store about ten o'clock. This was a trifle more than the senior could stand. "When your father and I were working to establish this business," he said, "we made it a rule always to be here at eight o'clock." "Exactly,

sir," said the junior, drawing off his gloves, "but, you see, things are different. It is established now, thanks to your industry and enterprise, and that 's the reason I can afford to take my wife for a drive in the Park before coming down." The senior smiled good-naturedly, but he couldn't quite grasp it.

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That was not a bad idea of a much-travelled Englishman, who said that, in order to run through the whole gamut of courtship, four languages were necessary. "French," he said, "is best for the opening passages, for conversation, for acquaintance, for that nameless something which it is a sin to call flirtation. Then comes German, with its wonderful wealth of poetry, just suited to sentiment. It carries you beyond friendship, but leaves you short of love. When *that* supervenes, we must turn to the *lingua Toscana*, the warm tones of the passionate South." "So far so good; but where does your fourth come in?" "Next morning, my boy," he answered, "when you ask her father's consent in downright English."

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If it be a Christian duty not to covet the good things which our neighbor has and we have not, it is no less our neighbor's duty not to seek to inspire envy in us by a parade of his possessions. Nothing could be more plain, and yet it is a view of the case which the neighbor seldom takes and almost never acts upon. Like hope, the love of display springs eternal in the heart of man, — and woman, — and not one in a thousand who displays his or her advantages thinks that the act sends a pang to the hearts of the less fortunate. Nine out of ten of the *jeunesse dorée* who indulge in costly amusements do it with an air which plainly says, "I can do this — you can't;" and a like proportion of the young women who pride themselves on the extent and variety of their wardrobes tell of them in an exulting tone, which plainly says to their less fortunate sisters, "See how much I have that you have not." At one of our Boston grammar-schools were two girls who sat side by side. One was the daughter of a worthy citizen of large means, who lives in grand style on Commonwealth Avenue; the other the daughter of a no less worthy man, a mechanic, whose humble

home is on a less-known street. The rich man's daughter was a bright girl in many things, but, as A. Ward said of Chaucer, she "couldn't spel." One day she wrote a note which was in open violation of every principle and example which the spelling-book contains, and this note fell under the eye of her schoolmate, who made some cutting remark concerning its inaccuracies. Some tale-bearer carried this forthwith to the author of the note, who was in high dudgeon at once. Going to her critic, she exclaimed, "I know I can't spell, and you can; but I'm going to Europe with my father, and you can't do that!"

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Margery is a woman grown. Ten years ago she was a bright little lassie of twelve. "Pretty Margery" they called her then, and pretty she was, as sweet a child as ever gladdened a mother's heart. Happy herself, she tried to make others happy, and could see no reason why any one should ever be otherwise. But a shadow fell upon her home. Her father, the bread-winner, died, leaving her mother and herself with but little

store of this world's goods. But Margery was bigger now, and brave. She knew she could earn her mother's living and her own, and with courage in her heart she set about it. She was near eighteen when the stroke came. Within a year she had a school, and her salary, added to the trifling income that her mother could call her own, gave the two a modest but comfortable living. Margery was doing well, but was ambitious to do better. She put her soul into her work, studied hard, and so won the esteem of those in authority that in due time she had an advanced position and an increased salary. For a girl of twenty, Margery was doing more than well. But somehow she got the idea into her little head that she had reached the top of the ladder, that her position was secure, that further study was unnecessary, and that if she but performed her routine duties, no one would, could, or should question her right to employ the rest of her time as best suited her. The theatre had long been her one means of amusement and relaxation, and when tired out with a week of work and study, Saturday afternoon would often find her occupying a seat at one

of the theatres, thoroughly engrossed in the play. This rested her, led her mind into new channels, and, followed by the quiet and repose of Sunday, prepared her for a fresh encounter with her work when the new week came in. It was a help to her, and she was wise to take advantage of it. But of late she is at the theatre three evenings out of four, and is so engrossed in matters theatrical that she can converse and think of nothing else. In a certain sense she is still faithful to her duties, but in the larger and truer sense she is not. There is no longer any ambition to excel in her profession, and among her intimates, who are by no means the same she had a year or two since, she admits that it is distasteful and wearisome to her. During the summer, when she ought to have been resting, in order to be fresh and strong for her winter's work, her whole thoughts and energies were devoted to getting up private theatricals, in which, as an amateur, she had tolerable success. In a word, she is "stage-struck," and is in danger of sacrificing her position and her income because of it. She has no special talent for the stage, — no flatterer, even, would go so far

as to tell her that, — but she has learned to love the excitement; and one would think, from her conversation, that theatrical topics were the only ones worth considering, and theatrical people the only people worth knowing. Does Margery think that others do not see this? Does she imagine that there are none ready and anxious to take her place, — nay, to prove to the powers that be that they are better fitted for the place which she holds than herself? If she is laboring under this delusion, it is time that she wakened from her dream, realized the situation, turned over a new leaf, and devoted herself once more, heart and soul, to the profession in which she holds an envied position.

* * *

An incomplete idea is apt to be a false idea, — it is necessary to take the whole in order to make it valuable. A good country parson preached a series of sermons on practical morality, and very interesting and instructive they were. A lad in the village who had heard only one of them was coming out of an orchard one day, his pockets bulging with stolen fruit. He met the parson,

who noticed his efforts to conceal the evidences of his guilt. "Have you been stealing apples?" asked the minister. "Yes, sir," answered the boy, sheepishly. "And you are trying to hide them from me?" continued the good man. "Yes, sir," said the culprit, and then added, his face brightening up, "you said last Sunday that we must avoid the *appearance* of evil."

* * *

A MAN with an idea is always an uncomfortable person to get along with. Society does not understand him, and therefore abuses him. The press misrepresents him, the Church pours out its anathemas upon him, he is scorned and derided, — but the idea persists. Many who read these words remember the Abolitionists, — the real, Simon-pure, Garrisonian, no-union-with-slaveholders Abolitionists, — who declared that inasmuch as the Constitution of the United States permitted men to hold their fellow-men in slavery, therefore the Constitution of the United States was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." The platform was simple, but strong. It was

founded upon an idea. Only those who had overpowering convictions dared to stand upon it. Right here in Boston they were abused, persecuted, and misrepresented, persistently and systematically; their speeches were purposely misreported, their declarations purposely misinterpreted. The pulpits of New England, a power second only to the press, joined in the hue-and-cry. People stood ready to believe any thing of an Abolitionist, although they knew, as a matter of fact, that they were peaceable, honest, and law-abiding. The time came when all was changed. A baptism of blood opened the nation's heart to the truth, and they who had been most ready to defame were loudest to applaud. They had at last comprehended the idea. Their eyes were opened, and they saw that the men whom they had persecuted and maligned were RIGHT. Are we quite sure that we understand the men who to-day claim that they have an idea, the men who call themselves "Socialists"? Are we quite sure that we know what a Socialist is? "Deluded beings," we call them, when we do not use harsher words. Are we quite sure that all the delusion is

on their side, and all the wisdom on ours? Have we not perhaps been too ready to take the assertions of others as to their intentions and objects, and too hasty in our conclusions based upon these? That the whole theory of the Socialists is correct is more than improbable, — it is impossible; for no human theory was ever yet perfect. But when thinking men — men who are known to be honest and straightforward in their dealings with their fellows — have sounded the depths, and claim to have made fast to even one great truth which society has ignored, it is not safe to scoff without examination. Our social fabric seems strong and goodly when viewed from the inside. But its walls may have cracks and flaws that need repair. Is it not wise to look them over now and then, seek out the defects, and repair them? And shall we reject the stone that just fits the gap because offered by one whom society derides and condemns as a Socialist? If we cannot be brave enough to seek out the remedy for ourselves, let us at least not be such cowards as to reject it because it is offered by those whom it is fashionable to despise. Let us not tremble at a name.

Let us not be afraid of a man because he has an idea, at least until we know of our own knowledge what that idea is. And that we may know, let us demand that press and pulpit shall tell us, and tell us truly. Had the American people accepted the great fundamental truth which the Abolitionists taught, and sought to right the great wrong, there would never have been any war. Had the French Government been wise in time, and accepted some of the remedies which those who afterwards became Communists offered, and applied them to the cure of evils that all saw and recognized, there would never have been any Commune. Let us learn a lesson from the past.

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There used to be a piece in the "Reader" in which Tact and Talent were ingeniously compared, and the advantages of the former shown. Now, Tact is but another name for Genius. Talent is acquired, while Genius is inborn. Talent proceeds by rule, Genius by inspiration. A good story, remembered by the theatre-goers of the palmy days of the Old National, illustrates this. McFarland was the Player King to Macready's

Hamlet. The star called McFarland to him at rehearsal, and said, "When I come to this passage, I want you to stand *here*." He did so, and all went smoothly. A few weeks later the elder Booth was playing the same part, and again McFarland was the Player King. Going to this greater star he said, "Where do you wish me to stand at this point, Mr. Booth?" "Wherever you please, sir," was the answer. "I shall find you."

* * *

THERE are enough sad and morose people in this world, and it is a mercy that there is a sprinkling of the other kind, — good souls who do God's work by their cheerfulness, who persist in looking on the bright side, and making the best of every thing. But these good people sometimes overreach themselves. The father of a little family died. The undertaker came to do his ghastly office; but as all was not ready, the coffin was stood on end in the corner of the little parlor until later in the day. Meantime in came a good, neighborly woman of the cheerful sort, to condole with the bereaved widow. They sat there

in the gloom, mingling their tears, the one giving comfort, the other receiving it. At length the would-be cheerful neighbor said, "It 's hard, Sarah, very hard; but remember that you have much, very much, to be thankful for. John was a good man, a good father, and a good husband. He has left you a good home for yourself and your children, pleasant and comfortable, and well furnished; and, by the way," she added, her face brightening as she glanced at the upright coffin, "I see you 've got a new clock."

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT wants something said about "the cowardly criticism of the press." When critics so frame their observations as to suit everybody and offend no one, their criticisms are not worth the paper they are written on, much less the cost of putting them into type. A critic may seem to make friends by suppressing his honest belief; but he loses his best friend, — his own self-respect. A critic's judgment may be false. If so, the public will find him out, and it will prove his misfortune. But if he be dis-

honest, it will prove his disgrace. As to "cowardice," it need only be said that it takes more courage to stand up and express one's honest convictions than to dodge and quibble, but it pays in the long run. Some years since a well-known Boston critic took occasion to hint that a certain artist was a "fraud," that he was unfit for the work assigned him, that his work proved it, and that the public needed to have its eyes opened. It was severe, but it was true. The artist came to the critic in a rage. He stormed and swore, struck a tragic attitude, declaimed vehemently, and made a fool of himself generally. A wounded bird always flutters, you know. When he paused, the critic said, quietly, "One of us is evidently wrong in this matter; I feel certain that I am right; you are equally positive that you are. Suppose we leave it to the public to decide. I can't deceive the public long, even if I want to. Neither can you. Go on with your work, and I 'll go on with my criticism. My risk is as great as yours. If it is I that am the fraud, my employers cannot afford to keep me. If you are what I have said you are, your

employers cannot afford to keep you." That was the manly way to put it.

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Some folks are never satisfied, never can be satisfied, and never will be satisfied either in this life or the next. Their stock in trade is to complain, and without something to complain about they would be miserable. The best way is to let them complain, and pay no heed to them. Growling that does not make somebody else uncomfortable soon becomes tiresome to the growler. They tell of a man of this sort who went to heaven, and after a short stay there was asked how he liked it. He replied that the accommodations were tolerable, but that his halo didn't fit worth a cent.

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It is often claimed that besides the five well-known senses of sight, taste, smell, hearing, and feeling, there is another, unnamed and undefined, which reveals to us the presence of persons or things whose proximity is not made known by

any of the senses named. How often we say "something tells us" this or that, when we cannot define what that "something" is. During the war, a sailing-vessel loaded with miscellaneous supplies went ashore near Hilton Head. It was desirable to get her cargo out as soon as possible, and a party of blue-jackets were detailed to go on board and "break her out." The officer in charge was particular to inquire whether there was any liquor on board, but was reassured on learning that what little there was was in a cask in the lower hold, underneath the rest of the cargo, and that his men would not come to it for two days at least. Work began, and in two hours the blue-jackets, every man of them, were in a state of the most hopeless intoxication, and had to be hoisted over the side and taken back to the ship whence they came. Investigation showed that Jack's unerring instinct had led him straight to the grog. He had literally sunk a well through the cargo, until he struck a cask of whiskey, knocked in its head, and imbibed its contents by the dipperful. How did he know it was on the ship? or, knowing that, how did he

know where to begin his mining operations? Something told him. What was it?

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THE best administrative officers are those who make their authority felt with as few words as possible, and never display it unnecessarily. Men who are competent to command — "born leaders," as they are called — have no occasion to exact obedience from subordinates, for no one ever thinks of disobeying them; while those who do not possess the faculty only display their weakness in their efforts to appear important and impressive. The story is told of a man who had a large number of pigs in a pen near his house, and made it his practice to go out every evening and "stir them up" with a club, to the great annoyance of the pigs and the disturbance of the neighbors. One of these remonstrated with him one morning, asking why he treated his pigs in such a cruel manner. "Because," he answered, "I want them to know that I am boss." There are too many men in every community whose idea of executive ability is exactly on a par with this.

They bluster and splurge and "stir things up" generally, believing that such foolish parade of authority will convince those unfortunate enough to be under them that they are "boss," whereas the fact is that it serves to convince all concerned that they are fools. And the time comes at length when those who are over them find it out, and then they are dropped. The quiet way is the best, after all.

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"The harm is all done by the low rum-shops. If the sale of liquor were confined to 'respectable' places, no injury would be done." Softly there, young man. Don't be too sure. Many a man who learned to like drink in a "respectable" place has in the end satisfied his craving for it in what you term "low rum-shops." Again, the harm done in any given place where liquor is sold is to be measured not alone by the *number* of persons whom it injures. A Faneuil Hall speaker once asked, "Isn't one man as good as another?" and was answered from the gallery with "Yes, and a —— sight better!" The bullet that took the life

of General Reynolds on the first day at Gettysburg wrought an injury to the Union cause far greater than if it had killed an orderly, albeit the loss to those near and dear to the fallen would have been as great in the latter case as in the former. And so, if Causeur may be judge, the "respectable" establishment which allures and tempts young men whose education and abilities fit them to hold positions of high trust and importance in which they could and would serve their fellow-men, whether in private or public station, and puts them in the way of acquiring an appetite which robs them of their manhood and unfits them for the life of usefulness to which they have by right looked forward, though it number its victims but by the score, is a greater source of evil to the community than one of the lower sort, which attracts and destroys a far greater number of a different kind. It is true that the poor and ignorant man who acquires the habit brings upon his family and friends a degree of sorrow, suffering, and misery from which wealth protects the rich; but it is the injury to the *community* that is in question.

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One may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. "Once upon a time there lived a maiden," — and a very charming little maiden she was, by the way. She was staying with her parents at a well-known hotel in Washington, and in no way could an evening be spent more pleasantly than in promenading its halls in her company. One evening, — it *was* rather late, — just in the midst of a most interesting conversation, there came an interruption in the shape of a messenger from the young lady's mother, bearing a summons to come upstairs at once. Her caller saw the situation, and was about to take a hasty leave; but the "little maiden" took his all-too-willing arm, saying, "Mother's as mad as she can be, and we may as well walk round the hall once more." And they did, twice.

* * *

The man who is forever writing down what he learns and tabulating his knowledge seldom finds time to use it, and it is more than likely that somebody else will benefit more by it than he does himself. In fact, recording becomes the business of his life, his energies and thoughts are devoted

to it, and, no matter how full and accurate his materials may be, he always finds when he wants to use them that there is some one thing lacking to make them complete. After all, the brain is the best and most reliable memorandum-book; it is always at hand, use enlarges its capacity and increases its usefulness and reliability, and no one can read it but its owner. Once let the brain get into a receptive and retentive way, and it will go on gathering and holding information without any effort on the part of him who carries it about, and before he knows it he will have a stock of valuable and immediately available facts that will distance the best-kept set of memorandum-books ever written. A trained hand is a good thing, but a trained head is a better and a scarcer. People talk about being "blessed" with a good memory. Any man who has ordinary mental capacity can "bless" himself with that useful article if he will but try. Don't rely on fictitious aids. Don't try to remember a thing by remembering something to remember it by. That is clumsy and roundabout. Strive to remember the thing itself, and if you will but persevere you 'll

find that it is not so difficult after all. But to return to the text. Some years ago a well-known Boston merchant, then a newly fledged junior in the house of which he is now a leading partner, was sitting at a desk surrounded by samples, with a newly bought memorandum-book before him. He had a magnifier, and was examining the different samples, carefully counting the number of threads to the inch, and duly recording the results of his investigations. "What are you up to now?" asked the senior partner, taking a seat on the corner of the desk. "I'm examining these goods, sir," answered the junior: "I want to find out all I can about this business." "Of course you do," continued the head of the house, "but that's no way to do it. Put your glass in your pocket. You may need it some day, although it isn't likely. Burn up that memorandum-book. If you write down all you know, some clerk will get it all away from you. Go among the goods, look at them, feel of them, learn to know them as I do, ask all the questions you choose, and remember what you hear, and before you know it you will be able to tell the value of a piece of

goods in the dark. You can't learn this business by rule, young man. You 've got to absorb it."

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Twenty years ago, — not such a long look backwards, but, *furioso!* what old fogies we shall all be twenty years *hence*, — Mr. J. Glancy Jones was American minister at the imperial and royal court of Austria. He had a mania for etiquette, especially Viennese etiquette, and his first duty, when an American family came to the "Kaiserstadt," was to call and explain, especially to the ladies, the mysteries and intricacies of local etiquette. And thus it came about that he was nicknamed J. Etiquette Glancy Jones, a cognomen that many have heard without knowing how it was earned. Another peculiarity of that same eminent diplomat was that, wherever he went in Vienna, he had, close at his heels and in gorgeous livery, an enormous negro of the sootiest complexion, the kind of a skin that charcoal makes a white mark on. This was all for "style;" but some wag of an American, temporarily resident in Vienna, started the story that our minister

was subject to fits, and that the attending negro was employed to catch him in case he should fall. The story was passed from mouth to mouth, reached diplomatic and court circles, was firmly believed, and created no little sympathy for our punctilious minister. But '61 came, Buchanan went out of office, and with him J. Etiquette Glancy Jones and his gorgeous sable follower.

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NINETEEN business men out of twenty will admit that the true way to make their employés take an interest in their work is to give them an interest in its results; that is, to make their compensation, or a portion of it, at least, dependent on those results. They argue that in this way each employé becomes, in some sense, a partner; that self-interest causes him to be more diligent and more faithful in his work, and that, while this benefits him, it benefits his employer far more. So much for theory, and the theory has over and over again been proved sound. But there is not one man in a hundred who is willing to do it. Talk is very cheap; but when it comes

to action, that is another thing. Just so in the matter of taking young men into partnership. Every business-man will tell you that it is far better to give a valuable young man an interest than to keep him on a salary. So much for theory. As a matter of fact, in nineteen cases out of twenty, "juniors" are fought off until they can be fought off no longer. All of which shows that not a few of our business-men have no real faith in their own theories, and do not see what is for their own best interests.

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Soon after Lincoln's inauguration in 1861, Paris was invaded by newly appointed ministers and consuls, — Cassius M. Clay, on his way to Russia; George P. Marsh, bound for Italy; Anson Burlingame, waiting to see if Austria would receive him, and one or two others, besides Frémont, who was on a special mission to purchase arms. Of evenings, at the Hôtel du Louvre, the fun was "fast and furious," and all the stories that had done duty on the stump during the preceding campaign were told again for the benefit

of those who had spent the summer of '60 abroad and missed it all. "Burlingame," said a Kentuckian who happened to be of the party, "tell 'em about 'the gal in red.'" Burlingame colored up, looked at Clay, and seemed puzzled. "Tell it," said Clay: "it 's out, and they may as well hear it." And this was the story: At one time, several years before, Burlingame and Clay were stumping together in the West. One evening they had received a particularly warm welcome, and had returned to the hotel, where they were sitting in their room, smoking, and congratulating each other on their success. Suddenly strains of music were heard outside. "They are serenading us," said Clay; "open the window and make 'em a speech." "No, you," said Burlingame. But Clay persisted; so Burlingame stepped to the window, opened it, and began, "Fellow-citizens, I hardly know how to thank you for this touching proof of your esteem and regard. Mr. Clay and myself are indeed grate" — Just at this point a voice in the crowd below was heard saying, "Boys, that ain't the gal in red. Let 's dust!" and they "dusted," leaving the laugh on the

"visiting statesmen." They swore each other to secrecy, and kept it quiet for some time, but it leaked out somehow, and they had to make a clean breast of it.

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"WHENCE come the fashions?" is a question often asked. Several years ago a leading New York house imported, through a blunder, a large amount of a certain very ugly material which would not sell, and lay dead upon their hands. Something had to be done. The proprietors of one or two fashion-papers were interviewed. The next week their columns told thousands of eager readers that there had recently been shown a new and stylish fabric which promised to be very fashionable; and the statement was widely copied by the daily press. Retail dealers found their customers inquiring for it, and sought it of the jobbers. The jobbers in turn sought it of the importers, who quickly unloaded their whole stock at a handsome profit. The goods were voted "beautiful" and "stylish," and the fabric in question was "the rage" for a time. Just how much the fashion-papers were paid was never

divulged. All of which shows how one fashion was "set," and "what fools these mortals be."

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"It's easy enough to tell 'Why Some Men Marry,'" said Cœlebs, shutting up his book and lighting a fresh cigar, "but I can tell you why some men *don't*." Now Cœlebs, be it known, is not only a gentleman, but a good fellow as well, a favorite with everybody, the ladies included, and a welcome guest at many a fireside. He has just crossed the line of thirty-five, has seen not a little of the world, is well-to-do in a moderate way, is well read, talks well, and carries a very level head on a pair of broad, square, manly shoulders. "If you mean to tell why *you* don't marry, proceed." "I didn't say that," quoth Cœlebs, with just a tinge of a blush in his cheeks; "I didn't say that. It is not for a man to say why he does not marry, but it may be permitted for him to put it in a general way, and say why some men do not. Going about as I do from house to house, seeing my married friends in the privacy of their homes, I see and hear many things which I am not sup-

posed to see and hear, and I note many little matters of restraint and embarrassment which the poor things struggle hard to conceal. There is no reason under heaven why our friend Henry, who was married six months ago, should not to-day be just as polite to the wife of his neighbor, our old chum George, as he was before he was married; but any thing more than the most ordinary civilities offends Mrs. Henry mortally, and I know that Henry is prevented from doing many polite and pleasant, yet absolutely unobjectionable things, because of his wife's foolishness in this direction. Thé result is that an old and true friendship, perhaps a dozen old and true friendships, are wounded and broken in this way, because of this senseless restraint that Henry, whom you and I know to be a gentleman and an honorable man, has been put under by marriage. Then there is this everlasting effort to do as well as your neighbor does, to keep up a hollow and tiresome 'style,' because Mrs. Grundy may say something. This and a dozen other things that I could name are the reasons that influence *some* men not to marry." "And will they influence

you?" "Yes, they will influence me, but they may not decide me. In fact, it may not be me who will decide." And with this Cœlebs pulled violently at his cigar, and, a little later, when he thought no one was looking, took from his pocket a dainty note in a fine hand, and read it attentively.

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A WELL-KNOWN lawyer in this city was one day arguing a case before the Supreme Court. He had occasion to cite a decision of the same Court made some years ago, — a decision which, as it seemed to him, exactly covered his case. Having read it for the Court's information, and given the date, he innocently observed, as he closed the book, "As your Honors are no doubt aware, this Court was very strong at that time." This recalls another incident. It seems that, some years ago, a certain Worcester lawyer had a case before the Supreme Court, in which, unfortunately, a very well-known decision of that august tribunal was clearly against him. It would hardly do to undertake to make the Court reverse its own decisions, — nay, it would not be prudent to cast

any reflections upon its prior determinations of legal questions. But in the course of his argument he did cast such reflections, and then sought to remedy the difficulty by saying, "I wish your Honors to understand that I have the highest possible respect for the decisions of this Court, except in certain very gross cases."

***

GOOD-BREEDING is but the evidence of kindliness and generosity. No one who acts upon impulses which spring from these need fear to violate it. There is no rule for it; and no cold formality, no heartless "etiquette" can produce it. Graceful acts or words which spring from kindly thoughts are its unmistakable exponents.

***

Is it not a little strange that among the many who are independent as to means, and have had every possible advantage and opportunity in the matter of education, not only at school and college, but in that larger way which travel and acquaintance afford, there are so few who are competent

and willing to assume public duties? It is not so in England. There mere wealth, generally inherited, gives a certain position, but he who would really shine must do something more. He must serve his country either in the army, the navy, in the civil service, or in politics, and he will be rated quite as much according to the ability and energy which he displays as by his inherited wealth and rank. The fact is that there are no harder-worked men than the nobility and gentry of England, who, thoroughly independent as to means, feel that they owe a duty to the country and perform it. Causeur remembers a gentleman in Yorkshire, a man of broad acres, ample income, and elegant leisure, who entertained as only such men can. But in the evening, after the guests had joined the ladies in the drawing-room, he excused himself, saying that he had work to do in the library; and work it was, work that kept him studying, writing, and figuring far into the night. He was on a county commission which for a year had been investigating some public question and taking evidence, and, with this mass of matter before him, the gentleman in question

had the task of preparing the report to Parliament, an undertaking which required not only literary ability, but an expert's knowledge of the subject in hand. It will be well for America when the rich feel called upon to devote to their country a part, at least, of the thought, energy, and study which are now bestowed on bric-à-brac, polo, and kindred pursuits.

* * *

Religious zeal sometimes carries men to lengths that provoke a smile; yet, if it be but genuine and sincere, it must always compel respect. In a city not far from Boston is a little corner store kept by a man who, though of small means and obscure position, is esteemed among all who know him for his honest dealing and upright life. He had been, until a year ago, a confirmed smoker, keeping an old clay pipe on a shelf in the back part of the store, and taking a quiet whiff when opportunity offered. But when a customer came in he invariably laid it aside. He is a deeply and truly religious man, and given to holding serious converse with himself. One afternoon last fall he was sitting in his store, quietly puffing, when it

occurred to him that if he was ashamed to smoke in the presence of his customers, he ought to be ashamed to smoke in the presence of God. The argument was conclusive to his mind, and he acted upon it. He took the pipe from his mouth, threw it out of the window, and has not smoked since.

* * *

An old story was recalled by an incident not long since, and comes up as freshly as though heard but yesterday. In a certain country town there had been a long-continued drought; the fields were parched and burnt, the foliage had withered under the sun's burning rays, the wells were dry, and it was only by going to the river, three or four miles distant, that water for the animals and for household use could be obtained. Under these circumstances it was resolved in the "store" one Saturday evening to see the good parson and ask him to pray for rain. He was interviewed, and promised accordingly. The next morning the sun came out hotter than ever, and the congregation came to church white with dust, which hung like a cloud over the roads. At the

close of the "long prayer" — and it was unusually long — the preacher said, "And now, O Lord, we approach a subject that lies near, very near, to our hearts. Thou knowest that our fields are parched and our wells dry; thou knowest that we choke with dust and that our cattle are in sore need; and so, O Lord, we pray that thou wilt open the great almighty bottle of the universe, and pour out its contents on this, our bedroughted country." On the evening of that day the sky looked hazy. On Monday there were genuine clouds, and "signs of rain." Tuesday brought two or three refreshing showers; the "women folks," as New Englanders of the rural sort call the fair sex, caught enough for their week's washing, and were happy, and the withered vegetation began to revive. On Wednesday and Thursday the rain fell steadily, on Friday it came in torrents, and, ere Saturday evening fell, things began to look serious. But there was no let-up; and when Sunday morning came, the devout ones who ventured out had to go to "meeting" in boats. Just as the dripping minister was about to climb the stairs that led to the high pulpit a bedraggled deacon took him by

the arm and had a few words with him apart. The pastor looked puzzled, but finally assented with a nod, took his place in the pulpit, and opened the service. Again there was a long prayer, — a very long prayer, — and it closed as follows: "Again, O Lord, we approach with fear and trembling the subject of which we made mention last week. We told thee that our fields were parched, our wells dry, and our cattle were in sore need, and we asked that thou wouldst open the great almighty bottle of the universe and pour out its contents on our bedroughted country; but, O Lord, when we made that, our prayer, we'd no idea thou'dst lose the stopple."

* * *

In an obscure street in an uninviting section of the city, in a room scantily and poorly furnished, — for piece by piece had gone to the pawnbroker, — a woman died this week. She had known better days. When first married she had a happy home, a tender, loving, and industrious husband, and life looked full of promise. But there came a change. An enemy, potent

to destroy, entered that home. His approaches were gradual, and his first appearance was under a pleasant guise. But his presence became more frequent, his demands more exacting. The husband's wages were sacrificed to him; his savings were invaded. Little by little the enemy strengthened his position, until his command was absolute. His victim had become a drunkard and a beggar. The poor wife, now a mother, bore up bravely, hoped against hope, and, with womanly courage, sought a more humble home. But the enemy was upon her track; her husband, to whom, despite the change that drink had wrought in him, she clung with a true woman's love, sunk lower and lower, and seemed to have lost all the instincts of manhood. She fought long and bravely, but care, sorrow, misery, and want overcame her, and this week, wasted to a shadow, her friends found her dead in her room. Her child was with her, but her husband, who had sworn to love and protect her, was not there. He was found in a low den, too much overcome with drink to even comprehend that his wife had gone to a better and happier life, released, at last, from the tie that

had made existence here a burden and a sorrow. When the last day comes, and men are judged by a tribunal which knows no appeal, will not that husband stand among murderers?

***

It was at Queenstown. The "tender" had been made fast to the quay, and the gang-plank had just been run out. A Boston passenger was crossing it to *terra firma*, when he was accosted by a wrinkled old beggar in ruffled cap and short clothes with, "Would you have a sixpence for an ould lady eighty-four years old and a grandmother still living?" That bit of mother wit was too much for the passenger. He gave her a shilling.

***

A bit of advice to young men who are trying to get ahead: Never complain that your employers are selfish. Not that they are otherwise, but it will not help matters to growl about it. They are selfish. Their employers, when they were young, were no doubt selfish, and from them they learned the lesson. You, too, will

learn it, and when you become employers you 'll be selfish too. It is from selfish motives that men engage in trade, and selfishness rules their actions. Of course it would be better, and wiser, and all that, if they were not selfish, but they *are*. Now, what are you going to do about it? Why, make it for their selfish interest to do better by you, and they will. Respect yourselves, and you 'll make them respect you. Remember that you are at a disadvantage, that there are a hundred ready to climb into your place if you do not fill it, and that those who employ you are fully aware of the fact, and ready to make the most they can out of it. Remember that if you are getting $1000 this year and want $1500 next year, you 've got to earn the $1500 this year. You 've got to pay for promotion, often an exorbitant price, and, as you have no other means to pay with, you 've got to pay in work. Of course it 's unjust, of course it seems hard that your employer should keep and spend money that you have justly earned; but, Causeur's word for it, it won't pay to fret or growl about it. Never be satisfied with having "earned your

money." Earn more than your money, and then, in a manly, straightforward, business-like way, ask for more pay. Ten chances to one, you 'll get it. If you don't, look about, and as soon as you 've found a better place, discharge your employer. The hard work that you have done, the record of it, and the reputation you will have established for hard work, will make the task of finding new employment comparatively easy. Your capacity for work is your only capital. Invest heavily, for you are sure to win.

***

Logic is logic. Many years ago a certain New Hampshire judge was travelling in company with his nephew, a young aspirant for legal fame. They occupied a room together at a country inn one night, and in the morning, as soon as he was awake, the young man asked the judge what time it was. "Seven o'clock," responded the judge, without consulting his watch. "How do you know?" asked his nephew. "I assume it," answered his uncle; "if I say it is seven o'clock,

I may be right; if I say any thing else, I may be wrong." Logic is logic.

* * *

One day, when Causeur was sauntering along the shady lane that leads up the mountain side to the old Etruscan town of Fiesole, where the olive and the vine combine to make the landscape rich with green, he paused in front of a peasant's cottage to enjoy a bright little spot of earth, rich with autumn flowers. The peasant, an old man, stood in the doorway, and smiled a kindly greeting. In such Italian as he could muster, Causeur complimented him upon the beauty of his garden, and asked if he might pick a few of the blossoms. "They are at your service, signore," said the old man in that musical *lingua Toscana* which, once heard, is never forgotten, "they are yours and welcome. The good God who sends the flowers sends them as much for you as for me; and it is because they give so much pleasure to the strangers who come this way and to my grandchildren here that I have them. All are welcome to them; but (I don't

know why it is) no one ever picks any without asking. Take all you want, signore, and take an old man's blessing with them." That was many years ago; but Causeur has often thought since, when he has heard friends complain that, despite high fences and police regulations, it was useless to cultivate flowers because of the depredations of passers-by, perhaps a little of the spirit which that poor peasant had in his heart would do more than the highest fence ever built. Humanity is not half so bad as some folks think, and a little exhibition of confidence in it goes a long way towards making it better.

***

A "LADYE FAIRE" writes that flirting is worse in man than in woman, "because his position makes him in a great sense master of the situation." She adds: "There is no sin more intolerable and base than to imply, by all the language of eye and touch and intimate attention, that a man has the most tender regard for a woman that he has no thought of making his wife, knowing all the time that he is

awakening feelings and heart-throbs to which he can never respond. Women have no redress. Men know themselves safe; for a woman can have no real claim until asked to become a wife. Thus, while a fondness has become aroused, waiting for an expected declaration, women find themselves suddenly thrust aside. To be sure, one is fortunate to be deserted by such a coward with the soul of a pick-pocket; but then, does it not leave its mark on her life-path?" All very well, sweet my lady, and all very true, perhaps: but is there not another side to the picture? If it be the prerogative of the man to ask, it is the privilege of the woman to refuse, and one may well doubt whether one man in a hundred was ever fool enough to ask unless he had reasonable ground to expect acceptance. Certainly there is no being more despicable than a "man flirt;" but where there is one such there are twenty victims of women flirts, poor fellows who have been led on and on, fascinated and charmed, until it suited the convenience or caprice of the objects of their affections to turn them off with a laugh. The man who deliberately seeks to win the love of a woman only to cast her from

him is a villain at heart. Can any thing better be said of the woman who is guilty of the same offence?

***

Some fifteen years ago, in Washington, Colonel (now General) Rucker, post quartermaster, enjoyed the distinction of being the most voluble, exact, and picturesque swearer in the army. Hundreds of regimental quartermasters who sought his approval on requisitions can testify to this, and so can others of higher grade in the department. One day there dropped in upon him a major and A. Q. M., just transferred from the far West, where he had spent all his time since leaving West Point, 'way back in the forties. He presented his card, and, after the usual greetings, requested the colonel to approve in triplicate a requisition which his clerk had drawn in due form. Rucker took it, and, with his little stub of a pencil, — is there a Massachusetts quartermaster who does not remember that hope-destroying implement? — proceeded to mark out about half the articles on the list. Then he signed it, and,

returning it to the major, gave him a broadside of the most fearful profanity, dashing him all up in a heap and then double dashing him back again. At last he paused, and the major spoke: "Is your name *Rucker?*" "Yes." "*D. H.* Rucker?" "*Yes.*" "*Colonel* D. H. Rucker, quartermaster here?" "YES." "Well, Rucker, I'm ashamed of you. I've heard that you could swear, but I've been deceived. Now listen to me." And then the fireworks began. He dashed him backwards and forwards, up and down, and piled it on till the air was blue. Rucker listened, but he couldn't stand it. His grim face broke into a smile, and he said, pointing to the requisition, "Major, tear up that dashed paper and send me another copy. You can have any thing you want at this post, but you must teach me how you do it."

* * *

IN politics don't content yourself with reading and hearing the speeches of your own side only. Study carefully the positions of your opponents. Listen to their arguments patiently and carefully, not for their sake, but your own. Neither side

has a monopoly either of truth or wisdom, and it may be that you will hear much wholesome truth from the lips of those with whom you are contending. Indeed, it is safe to say that he who hears one side only, whichever it may be, is pretty sure to be ignorant of much that is true, and to be imposed upon by much that is false. Rely on the best and most honorable papers you can get for your news, but rely on yourself for your opinion. Do your own thinking. If you do this you may be wrong now and then, but further thinking is pretty sure to set you right. If you let your paper or your party do your thinking, you will not only often go wrong but stay wrong. One thing more: Be more intolerant of dishonorable doings in your own party than in that with which you are contending. To be sure, success is a duty, but success by dishonorable means is more disastrous in the end than defeat. It is your right to expose and condemn the shortcomings of your opponents, but it is your duty to see to it that your own party resorts to no doubtful expedients. Lastly, give caucus managers and professional wire-pullers distinctly to understand that you

want none of their dictation, that you propose to vote as best suits you, that you will "scratch" every objectionable name on the ticket, and do your best to thwart their little plans for self-advancement. The average caucus manager dreads but one thing, — honest, independent voting.

* * *

Of the men who have made their mark in this generation by the accumulation of large wealth, few are less known as to their personal peculiarities than the late A. T. Stewart. He was a "money getter," first and foremost, as is well known; but it is not so well known that he had a vein of wit, and was unusually prompt and bright at repartee. Some years ago a gentleman who now holds an honorable and enviable position as a partner in an old-established Boston dry-goods commission house was in the employ of a jobbing firm in this city, holding a responsible position and receiving a salary of six thousand a year. One day the late James M. Beebe sent for him, and said that Mr. Stewart wanted a reliable, well-informed man for a certain responsible

position, and that he, Mr. Beebe, had taken the liberty to suggest his name. In a day or two a letter came from Mr. Stewart, asking Mr. X. to come to New York and see him at his early convenience. Mr. X. went on, and was ushered into the presence of the merchant prince, who received him cordially and opened his business at once. "I want a man who has had just your experience. I know you will succeed, and if you want to make a change five years hence it will be no disadvantage to you to have been in my employ. I will pay you eight thousand a year. What do you say?" Mr. X. was somewhat taken aback by the suddenness of the proposal, and was disposed to interpose some objections. "I am a jobber," he said, "I have a large trade and a large acquaintance among customers, but these will be of no use to me in the position you offer." Then he paused and seemed to be thinking. "What is it?" asked Mr. Stewart, "what is passing through your mind?" "I was thinking, sir," answered Mr. X., "that to take up with your offer is a good deal like stepping off a plank at sea." "Exactly,"

replied Mr. Stewart, as quick as a flash and with a twinkle in his eye, "and stepping on the deck of a first-class ship." That settled it.

* * *

It is always painful to a man who has a heart to see a fellow-being under the influence of liquor; it is still more painful to see others making merry over his crime or misfortune, whichever one chooses to call it. Mirth is a good thing, one of the best things in this great and good world, and there are plenty of things to raise an innocent and wholesome laugh. But a laugh at a drunkard is neither innocent nor wholesome. It serves to familiarize those who indulge in it with what all should regard with pity if not with horror. Even the so-called humorous paragraphs which go the rounds of the press, whose point consists in speaking lightly or jokingly of the vagaries of intoxicated persons, do incalculable harm, and would never appear in print were editors sufficiently aware of their evil influence. Coarseness and vulgarity, not infrequent in the daily papers a quarter of a century ago, have almost entirely

disappeared, thanks to an enlightened and improved public taste. It is to be hoped that what in newspaper offices are known as "rum paragraphs" will soon be ranked as forbidden things.

* * *

Death is terrible at best, but never more so than when it enters a home to rob a husband of his young wife, and little children of a loving mother. When age has dulled the faculties, when disease has made life a burden, when children have grown to manhood and womanhood, Death, though an unwelcome, is not an unexpected visitor, and those that remain may lay their dead away, feeling that Nature's order has been fulfilled, and that they can take up the burden which the loved one has laid down. But when a young wife and mother, in the fulness of life and hope, with every thing to live for, is called suddenly away, there settles upon those who remain a feeling of desolation which no words can describe, and he is a bold man indeed who thinks or seeks to comfort them.

* * *

In view of the flings which the New York and Western papers are constantly making at Boston's "culture," it seems a little too bad to furnish them with ammunition; but the temptation to tell a good story, especially a true one, is not to be resisted. Many will remember that for years there existed in Boston a certain literary set, which had all the peculiarities of a mutual-admiration society, and a very close corporation as well. They resolved over and over again, if not in form, certainly in fact, that none but the elect were entitled to literary honors in Boston, and that they were the elect; and they had a way of quoting one another's good things, and of patting one another on the back, that was delightful to behold. But sometimes they forgot to use the quotation marks. When Tennyson's "In Memoriam" appeared, a certain Poet was standing in the Old Corner Bookstore, turning over the leaves of the freshly printed volume, when up stepped a Literary Friend, of rare taste and learning in poetry, saying to the Poet, "Have you read it?" "Indeed I have," was the answer; "and do you know, it seems to me that in this delightful book Tennyson

has done for Friendship what Petrarch did for Love." This was too neat a *mot* for the Literary Friend to forget. That afternoon he called upon a lady on Beacon Hill, and noticing a copy of "In Memoriam" on her table, saw his opportunity. After the usual greetings, he took up the book. "Have you read it?" he asked. "Yes," said the lady, "and I have enjoyed it greatly." "So have I," said her visitor; "and do you know that it seems to me that in this charming poem Tennyson has done for Friendship what Petrarch did for Love." "Indeed," rejoined the lady, adding, with a mischievous smile, "Mr. ——" (naming a well-known essayist and critic) "called this morning and said the same thing." Who it was that originated the apt comparison remains an unsolved mystery to this day.

***

"EXPOUND to me," writes a gentle but unknown querist, "the distinction between lust and Love. Where do you draw the line?" The *line*, say you, the *line?* Say rather the chasm, the abyss, the unfathomable depths that yawn between.

They are antipodal. Love is generous, lust is selfish; Love craves an idol, lust demands a victim; Love worships, lust gloats; Love is pure, lust foul; Love makes sacrifices, lust exacts them; Love elevates, lust degrades. Love is of the soul, spiritual; lust is of the flesh, sensual. What the poison weed is to the blushing rose, the serpent to the dove, curse to benediction, fiend to angel, — such is lust to Love. Invite Love, welcome it, worship it, enthrone it in your heart, for it is Heaven-born and holy. But beware of lust. Shun it, repel it, trample it beneath your feet; for it is a Devil incarnate, and accursed. — Art answered, fair questioner?

* * *

A GOOD story that Starr King told twenty years ago: When Chicago was a very young city, with many peculiarities that made it any thing but an inviting abode, a Frenchman, who had resided some years in New York, and had been in the habit of dining daily with a party of friends at a well-known restaurant, announced to them one evening that he had determined to go to Chicago to live. Many regrets were expressed, for the

Frenchman was a pleasant fellow and a boon companion as well, and more than one bottle was cracked that night to wish him *bon voyage* and prosperity. Some six weeks passed. One evening the usual company assembled for dinner. What was their surprise to see the little Frenchman sitting in his accustomed place. After a hearty welcome and a general handshaking, they plied him with questions as to his experiences in the West and the cause of his sudden return. "Gentlemen," he said, "joost you hearken to me vat I shall say. Ven ze day of jugement come, and ze Lord shall say to me, 'Sare, you shall go to Shecago or you shall go to hell,' zen I shall say, 'Sare, I mush obliged, but I préfare go to hell.'"

***

A "Boston Boy," fresh as a daisy and full of enthusiasm for work, was employed by a well-known firm in the dry-goods business. The contract was a simple one, but it was a contract. On his part the youth was to give his services and do what he was told. On its part the firm was to pay him one hundred dollars for the first

year's work, and teach him the business. The money consideration was insignificant; the knowledge of the business was what the youth was after. He was put down cellar, kept at opening and nailing up boxes, running errands, and sweeping the store; in a word, he was made to do a porter's work, and his employers no doubt chuckled at the thought that they were getting for two dollars a week work that was well worth fifteen. But, like a sensible fellow, the youth said nothing until the time was up. On the morning of the first anniversary of his coming to the store he was on hand early, and when the senior partner came in, respectfully asked to be allowed to see him in the counting-room *on business*. The man of business acceded to the request, and the two entered the back office. "A year ago to-day," said the youth, closing the door, "I entered your service and agreed to give you my time and work. Have I done it to your satisfaction?" "Entirely so," said the merchant, "and I am willing to increase your"— "Excuse me," said the youth; "I have more to say. You agreed to pay me one

hundred dollars, and you have done it. You also agreed to teach me the business, and you have deliberately and knowingly broken your promise. I know nothing about the dry-goods business, and it is your fault. You have *robbed* me of a year's time. What do you propose to do about it?" The merchant looked at the "boy," but he did not flinch. He had right on his side, and his employer knew it. He, the man who prided himself that his word was as good as his note, had been accused by a beardless boy of having failed to keep his agreement, and knew that the charge was true. He said nothing. "What I want," said the "boy," "is an extra hundred dollars as an increase." "You shall have it," said the merchant. "And besides that," continued the youth, "I want two hundred dollars additional, to partly make good your broken promise." Again the merchant looked in his eye, but got no comfort. "Well," he said, "it 's a good deal to pay a boy the second year, but I will see about it." And he did "see about it," for the next morning the "boy" was a salesman, on a four-hundred-

dollar salary. It don't pay to rob a boy who knows his rights.

* * *

Of course you have met him. Who has not? The man who, when in company, enjoys making himself disagreeable and everybody uncomfortable by sarcastic and biting remarks, which he pretends to think bright, but which he knows to be simply rude. The fact is that he is a shallow-pated fool, who knows his own lack of wit, and thinks to make it good by ill-natured talk. Not a person can be mentioned concerning whom he has not something disagreeable to say; not a subject can be discussed upon which he has not pronounced and peculiar views, which he delivers with a degree of assurance only equalled by his ignorance. To "snub" is his delight, to kill pleasure his pastime. The man who steals the spoons and pockets the napkins is not half so great a pest.

* * *

Spiritual comfort, an excellent thing in its place, is sometimes inopportune. It was on board a hospital transport, which lay at White

House Landing, on the "raging Pamunkey," just after one of the worst battles before Richmond. It had been reserved for the badly wounded. Night had fallen, and the surgeons and nurses were doing their work as best they could by the light of candles held in the hand. It was a weird and ghastly scene, one not soon to be forgotten; but there was little time to think of it then, for there was work for all to do. It was towards eleven o'clock, when the wounded were still being brought on board, that there stepped from the old wharf a lady in middle life, with a bundle under her arm. She said that she came as the representative of some Christian organization in Philadelphia, and that her mission was to help the wounded soldiers. She was admitted to the vessel, and immediately repaired to the gloomy cabin, opened her parcel, and gave a tract, entitled "Dancing a Sin," to each of the bedridden soldiers. It is to be hoped they profited by the instruction; but many of them, if they ever danced thereafter, did it on one leg, for the amputating knife had been doing its dreadful work all the evening.

* * *

It is very certain that one half the world knows nothing of how the other half lives, and it is much to be feared that it does not care. People who have comfortable homes, — people who, whatever cares later life may have brought, at least had a happy childhood, and in youth had the advantage of schools, and were spared the burdens of life and a share in life's conflict until they were fairly advanced toward manhood, have very little idea of the extent to which abject poverty will grind the heart out of a human being. One can work, and work with pleasure, when a bright and promising future looms before him, even if it be in the dim distance, and full of uncertainty; but to work and work, day in and day out, with the wolf ever at the door, and with no hope of ever driving him away, must breed a degree of despair which only those who experience it can fathom. A gray-haired old Yorkshireman, then a "boss" in a Pennsylvania coal-mine, related that at the age of *six* he was put to work in the mine. Every morning at six o'clock he had to go down the long shaft in a bucket with the miners, and spend the whole day below, where it was his duty to

tend a door in the gangway, opening it as the trains of loaded cars came along, and closing it after them, the object being to make the current of air pass through the workings instead of through the gangway. He had no light, — his parents were too poor for that, — but sat there hour after hour in the dark, alone, twelve hours a day, receiving at the week's end a miserable pittance for his week's work. During six months of the year he never saw the sun, save on Sundays, and Christmas was his one holiday. "It was terrible, sir, terrible," said the old man; "no one knows how terrible; and if it were all to do over again, I 'd much sooner get into my coffin at the start." Little children are no longer put to work at such a tender age, even in England, but there are many "children of a larger growth" who work on and on, with no hope of an upward step, to whom the world looks as dark as did the dungeon-like gangway to that poor little "trapper" boy. They are in our midst, at our very doors, and their name is legion. Are we, their more happy and fortunate brothers and sisters, doing all that we should to make it seem brighter?

* * *

In an interval in the dancing, more years ago than Causeur cares to name, it was his good fortune to sit on the stairs and enjoy a few moments' quiet chat with a charming belle. She had much to say concerning a certain young man who had had the misfortune to offend her. She rattled on in a thoughtless way, saying many things against him which she did not really mean, until Causeur felt called upon to take up the cudgels in his absent friend's defence. So he suggested that whatever good qualities he lacked, he certainly was good-natured. "Good-natured!" said the fair one, with a look of disgust, "Good-natured! My little dog is good-natured."

***

Here is a letter that Causeur had half a mind to consign to the waste basket, but on second thoughts he decided to answer it: —

Dear Causeur, — As you seem to have set yourself up as an authority on such subjects, will you please tell me whether you think it good taste for a gentleman to compliment a lady; in other words, to flatter her?

Arthur.

You show both your impudence and your ignorance, young man. Causeur never "set himself up" as an authority on any subject. He has opinions on many, and has ventured to express them, but has never yet asked anybody to adopt them. But as you want, and evidently need, information, you shall have it, and a piece of Causeur's mind as well. Know then, O callow youth! that to compliment and to flatter are two very different things. The man who deals in flattery is a fool, and writes himself down an ass every time he indulges in it, for the object of it knows it to be false and heartless, and values it, and him who dispenses it, accordingly. But an occasional compliment is a very different thing. Everybody likes a little "taffy." Children cry for it, and doubtless you haven't outgrown your taste for it, friend Arthur. To pay a compliment is to tell *the truth*, and to tell it as though you meant it. And the only way to do that is to mean it. If a girl is pretty or accomplished; if she plays well, or sings well, or dances well, or talks well; if, in a word, she pleases, why, in the name of common sense, shouldn't she be told of

it? Don't blurt it out before everybody, Arthur. That will only serve to make her feel uncomfortable and make you appear ridiculous. Say it quietly when opportunity offers, *but say it strongly.* Convey the idea distinctly and fully, so that there may be no mistake about it. But don't say it "officially." Formality is about the coldest thing known. More than one maiden has been made happy — say for half an hour — by a man's taking the trouble to say a pleasant thing about a toilet that he liked, and many of fashion's follies have been given up by girls when they noticed a discreet silence concerning them on the part of their gentlemen friends. A bewitching little black-eyed beauty once said to a gentleman in Causeur's hearing, — she didn't know he was near, though, — "I like to have you say sweet things to me, it seems to come so easy and natural." He had had practice, Arthur, more practice than you 'll have this five years. But persevere; keep trying, and you 'll get the hang of it. In general terms, it may be said that it is always better to say an agreeable thing than a disagreeable one, better for all parties. The gallant who, when a young

lady stepped on his foot while dancing and asked his pardon, said, "Don't mention it; a dainty little foot like that wouldn't hurt a daisy," not only told the truth, but doubtless felt more comfortable than the boor who, when *his* foot was stepped on, roared out, "That's right; climb all over me with your great, clumsy hoofs."

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A LITTLE eight-year-old puss went neighboring, and had a full budget of news on her return. "Do you know, mamma," she exclaimed, "that Mary [a neighbor's cook] has been away a whole week, taking care of her sick sister, who died yesterday?" "Then I suppose she'll be back soon," said her mother, looking up from her sewing. "Oh no, she won't," answered Puss; "her aunt's sick too, and she's got to wait till she dies."

***

SUCCESS is a good thing, but when achieved through mean and unworthy devices it neither commands nor deserves respect. He who builds himself up by pulling others down, no matter how

great the measure of his success, is to be neither imitated nor envied. The chief of New York's merchant princes used his influence — which was very great, for he made princely subscriptions to campaign funds — to secure the appointment in the custom-house of a man devoted to his interests as appraiser. Now and then the officer, whose business it was to serve two masters, — the government and the merchant, but chiefly the merchant, — would appear at the latter's store with a sample of goods, ostensibly to get an expert's opinion of its value. The merchant always took him into his private office, examined the sample carefully, learned the name of the importer, the price at which the goods were invoiced, and such other particulars as would serve his purpose. Dismissing the official, but retaining the sample or a portion of it, the merchant's next move was to summon one of his leading salesmen, show him the goods, and direct him to hunt up something in the stock that approached it most nearly, and go at once to the importer's customers and offer it at a price below the actual cost of importing the expected goods. Some

would buy and some would merely make a note of the offer, but when the importer came with *his* samples he found his customers supplied as to stock or "demoralized" as to price, and was forced to sacrifice his goods or hold them. This was done systematically and regularly. No wonder the merchant grew rich; but his riches meant bankruptcy and poverty to his competitors. Was that "success"?

* * *

No two men known in this community have told more stories at the expense of other people than Captain John Wyman and Henry C. Barnabee, and it is high time that one was told at *their* expense. It was back in the fifties — about seven or eight. It occurred to a gentleman, a well-remembered Boston merchant who knew them both and loved a joke, to have a little fun by bringing them together, — they had never met, — and making each act a part for the other's benefit. Accordingly a dinner was arranged, a *parti carré*. There were the host; Captain, then plain "Mr." Wyman, who had his instructions to personate a country parson in order to "fool" a bumpkin who

had been invited; Mr. Barnabee, then a salesman in a dry-goods store, who had also received *his* instructions to personate said bumpkin, in order to "fool" a sedate and strait-laced parson whom he was to meet; and another who was in the secret. Wyman came in a suit of immaculate black, with a face as solemn as a deacon. Barnabee appeared in an unmistakable "up-country" costume. The pair were introduced, and at once set about imposing upon each other. Dinner was announced. Wyman "asked a blessing," and confined his remarks to serious topics. Barnabee was full of what he had seen on this, his (alleged) first visit to the city. It was rather a poser when Barnabee asked Wyman, "Where are you preaching now?" but the "reverend" gentleman got over it by saying that he preached "last" in Plymouth. He had been making stump speeches there. Dinner over, conversation took a wider range. Barnabee told a story or two which so upset Wyman that he "gave himself away," being reminded of others not of the ministerial sort exactly. When he had told that story about Daniel Webster at Buffalo, when he said, "We 'll

all ride," "the bumpkin" began to get his eyes open, and when Barnabee had made his well-remembered speech on the annexation of Cuba, "which once joined on to the State of Maine like two pieces of a broken saucer," Wyman saw daylight, and there was a mutual admission of a mutual sell. The fun was fast and furious for the next two hours, and no end of good stories were told, after which the party broke up. The three surviving members keep it as a bright spot on memory's page.

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"YES," observed a friend the other evening, "she certainly is very highly cultivated. She is very stylish, plays well, sings well, talks well, dances well, and rides well, and succeeds admirably in private theatricals. In fact," he added, "she 's just the kind of a girl you 'd like one of your friends to marry." "Then you wouldn't care to marry her?" "By no means, my dear fellow. What *I* 'm looking for is a real nice girl."

***

How painful it is to see a person who is about to start for Europe planning for every separate day of absence, just what time he will start, just what he will see, and just at what hour he will get through. To do this is to convert what should be pleasure into labor, and very severe labor at that. Travel that is enjoyable is full of surprises, yes, and of disappointments. You reach Interlaken, for instance, at night. You rise in the morning and throw open the shutters, expecting to see the Jungfrau in all her virgin purity. Instead you see clouds, rain, and low-hanging mist. If you are tied to a plan you start for Lauterbrunnen, see about half of the Staubbach, cross the Wengern Alp and see far less that is awe-inspiring than you could see any decently pleasant day in Berkshire, reach Grindelwald, take a damp walk to the glacier, of which you see only the foot, and then return to Interlaken, your scheme of travel requiring you to start thence early on the morrow for Thun. But if you are a wise tourist, and are not fettered to a plan, — or, worse still, to a party, — you linger in Interlaken, — linger until the clouds

lift, and the Jungfrau bursts upon you in all her beauty. Then you start out and do your sight-seeing. Arrived at Lauterbrunnen, you hear of the wonders of the upper valley, which not one traveller in a hundred ever sees. You visit it, and then, as the day is wellnigh spent, decide to pass the night at Mürren. To-morrow will do for the Wengern Alp. And so you go on, in delightful uncertainty where you will "bring up." That was the way Causeur saw Switzerland, and that 's the way to see it. With only a knapsack for baggage and a light heart for company, he tramped over the passes and through the valleys, now spending the night in a stately hotel, now in a peasant's chalet, and more than once found shelter under the hospitable roof of a village priest. He had no ambition to be a "high climber," or to tread dangerous or difficult paths. His object was to see the mountains, not to climb them. And see them he did, at sunrise, at high noon, at sunset, under the soft light of the moon, under fair skies, and when storms swept the valleys. And he can truly say that some of the finest views in Switzerland, especially in the Bernese

Oberland, seem never to have been discovered by the compilers of guide-books.

***

It is always well to take a cheerful view of things. A dozen years ago a friend went to New York and remained a week. On his return he announced to his friends that he had made eight hundred dollars during his absence. "How did you do it?" asked one of the group. "Easy enough; anybody can do it. I only spent two hundred dollars, and I had a thousand dollars' worth of fun. Isn't that a clear profit of eight hundred dollars?"

***

Summer is gone. The artists still linger among the mountains and at the sea-side, trying to put in enduring shape the mellow tints of the harvest season as seen through the clear autumnal air. But their summer work has been sent home, and is to be seen in the studios and in the art stores. And now comes the critic, little loved and less understood. Yet he has a place and a duty, and is as necessary to art as the

artist himself; judicious praise is beneficial, but not more so than a judicious pointing out of defects. The two combined make up criticism, which is not, as many seem to think, mere fault-finding. It is useless to declaim against the critic as such. He is a fixed fact. He has come to stay. The individual may be unworthy or incompetent. If so he drops out, but the profession remains. The critic's task is neither pleasant nor easy. He must be honest above all things, regardless of his own feelings or of the feelings of others. He must be just, as he understands justice. He may — and will if he is wise — consult authorities, and enlarge his understanding by study and thought, but the judgment must be his own, uninterested and unbiassed. If he swerve from this; if he follow the popular estimate; if he give to mere trick and display the meed of praise that should be reserved for true art; if he gloss over faults which his keener eye sees, but which the public does not note; if, in a word, he cease for one instant to be true to himself, he forfeits self-respect, and his value as a critic has gone. Causeur has known many

professional critics, in art, in music, in the drama, and in literature; and he can truly say that, despite the abuse that has been heaped upon them by those whose work it has been their duty to put down at its true rather than its fancied value, he has found them, as a rule, honest, painstaking, and able; free from jealousy and ill-will, and filled with a sincere desire to do credit to their high calling. There are those who will not believe this, but it is true.

***

It is often said, and not without some truth, that friendship between men endures through trials and tests that would break friendship between women a thousand times over. When men conclude to trust one another, that is the end of it. They trust, absolutely and wholly; but between members of the other sex there always seems to be a mental reservation, just enough to insure a break at the least jar. Causeur remembers that in Florence, in the fall of '60, he was walking with a lady on the Lung' Arno, when he unexpectedly met a friend, S.,

whom he had not seen for a year. After a warm exchange of greetings, the lady remarked to S., "You and Causeur seem to be very warm friends. I presume you keep up a desperate correspondence when you are apart." "On the contrary," answered S., "we never write. The fact is, our friendship is not the kind that needs to be *puttied up* every week." And to this day, although he has seen him but twice in ten years, and has not had a line from him in all that time, Causeur feels and knows that he has in S. a friend whom he can count upon as he would upon a brother. Is not this the truest friendship, after all?

***

Back in the early days of California, when Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s Express did pretty much all the post-office and banking business for the miners scattered throughout the State, forwarding their letters, making their remittances, and giving them coined gold for "nuggets" and "dust," it was the custom of the men to come in from outlying camps in "cañon" and "gulch" every Saturday evening, "plank" their week's mining

of the yellow metal, and receive double eagles in exchange. Near the shanty in which these business transactions were consummated there was always sure to be another devoted to gambling, and he was a lucky miner who got back to camp Monday morning with a single "yellow boy" to show for his week of hard work. In one of these little settlements one Saturday evening there sat, in the office of the express company, a dark-visaged, morose-appearing man, who looked as though he had lost not only his money, but every friend that he had ever had. There was an expression of sullen despair upon his face, and, though he said nothing, his very presence cast a gloom over all present. The door opened, and in walked a hardy-looking young miner, wearing a slouch hat, a red shirt, dark "pants," and a pair of boots of the true California pattern. He had a pleasant, cheerful face, and a brisk and business-like manner that attracted the favorable attention of every one. Stepping to the plank which formed the counter, he deposited his "dust," took his coin, and was about to go, when, turning again to the clerk, he said, "I

think you made a mistake in settling with me last week." "No, I didn't," answered the clerk, sharply; "it's all right." "Well, perhaps it is," retorted the miner, "but I *know* that you gave me forty dollars *too much*, and," he added, tossing out a couple of double eagles, "here's your money." The morose man, who had been an attentive listener, rose slowly, moved towards the honest young miner, laid his hand kindly upon his shoulder, and, looking into his face, said, "Young man, don't you feel awful *lonesome* in this country?"

***

When trouble has come and gone, when disappointment has been followed by satisfaction, when differences have been amicably adjusted, misunderstandings explained, hasty words recalled, and a disposition shown to make reparation for injury done, it is the part of friendship not alone to forgive but to forget; to abstain from too close inquiry as to motives and causes, and to accept the outcome, without seeking to go back and criticise. It is useless to try to get at the explanation of every thing in this world, because there are some

things that never can be explained to everybody's satisfaction, and it always will be so as long as human nature is what it is and human beings continue to look at questions from different standpoints, and to speak in different moods at different times. Let the inexplicable go unexplained.

***

The shrewdest business men often overreach themselves by petty meanness towards their employés. Perhaps there never was a better illustration of this than an incident in the life of John Jacob Astor, or, to speak more truly, in the life of one of his captains, a man who, in early years, was the beau ideal of a seaman, and throughout his long life had the love and esteem of all whose good fortune it was to know him. He had sailed six voyages to China without a chronometer, depending on "dead reckoning" and "lunars;" just before starting on his seventh voyage he suggested to Mr. Astor that it would be safer to have a chronometer. "Well, get one," said the merchant. The captain did so, and entered its cost in his account current. When Astor's eye

fell upon the item he drew his pencil through it. The captain expostulated. "Tam it, man," said Astor, "I tolt you to get one; I tidn't say I'd pay for it." The captain severed his connection with Astor then and there, went into Wall Street, engaged with other owners, and before night was in command of as fine a ship as ever floated in New York's beautiful bay. In three days she was ready for sea, and set sail. At the same time Astor's ship, under the command of a new captain, set sail also. They had a race for Hong Kong, but the captain who, as he used to put it, had "discharged" John Jacob Astor, by keeping the men at the braces took advantage of every puff of wind, and won by three days. Then there *was* lively work. The ship was loaded in the shortest time possible, and before Astor's vessel, which had arrived meantime, was half loaded, our captain weighed anchor, and, with a full cargo of tea, set sail for Sandy Hook, arrived in good time, got his ship alongside the wharf, and began hoisting out his cargo, which was sold by auction on the spot. This glutted the market, for the consumption was comparatively small in those days, and when

Astor's ship came in prices had fallen. Two days later, as the captain was sauntering down Broadway, he met his former employer. "How much did dat chronometer cost you?" asked the latter. "Six hundred dollars." "Vell," said Astor, "dat vas sheap. It cost me sixty tousand tollars." The merchant and the captain have long since paid the long reckoning, but that chronometer is still a good time-keeper and a treasured relic as well.

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A SWEET-PRETTY girl, who writes a charming hand, and dates her note "Chester Square," writes to ask for a remedy for jealousy, but fails to say whether it is she who is jealous, or the other party. If it be herself, the very fact that she asks the question shows that she recognizes that she is jealous without just cause, and that she is anxious to be cured. This is a hopeful state of mind. Common sense is the only remedy in such cases; and if be taken in frequent and heroic doses, a cure is certain. If, on the other hand, it is the "other party" who is afflicted, and if this fair correspondent is sure in her own mind

that she has given him no reason for jealousy, the remedy is very simple, though severe. The malady that he is suffering from bears about the same relation to true jealousy that varioloid does to the small-pox. Give him a taste of the real article. The dose must be proportioned to the severity of the case; but there is not much danger of its being too strong, if a *permanent* cure is wanted. This prescription never fails except in cases where the person administering it lacks nerve. Don't lessen the doses because the patient shows signs of convalescence. That is the time of greatest danger. Keep right on until the remedy is complete. You must "be cruel only to be kind."

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An elderly gentleman of a matter-of-fact turn of mind recently asked what sort of a girl a certain young man was engaged to, and was answered that she was very highly spoken of by those who knew her, and that she and her future husband, instead of frittering their time away in frivolous amusements, were seeking to improve their minds by reading the classics together. "Classics be

hanged!" broke in the old gentleman, somewhat irate; "they'd better be hugging each other." Which shows how little the generation that is passing away knows of the delights of "culture."

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Not long since there died in this city a young man whose future seemed bright and full of promise. He was known to and esteemed by a large circle of friends, and his untimely death was widely mourned. At the funeral were assembled representatives from many of Boston's best-known families, and the services were conducted by a pastor whose name has been a household word in this city for years. The last prayer had been said, and the more immediate relatives had been led from the room, when those present became aware of the presence of one who had not been seen until that moment, — a young lady of about twenty years, neatly yet richly dressed, and closely veiled, — who approached the casket, kissed the cold forehead, placed a little bunch of violets in the lifeless hand, sobbed convulsively, and was gone. Inquiring glances were exchanged, but it

was evident that she was unknown to any one present. When the grave was reached, a wreath of violets was found at its head, and there were those who saw hurrying away through a secluded path the form of her who had so mysteriously appeared and disappeared at the house. Hers was a grief so sacred and tender that no one sought to discover her identity, but an accident and the peculiar character of her offerings revealed it. She is the idol of her parents, a very queen in social circles, and *seems* to have every thing which heart can wish. But there are those who know the grief that weighs upon her. And her name is — Violet.

* * *

"Soon" is a very convenient word, but it is a very indefinite and trying one. A friend says, "I will write soon," or "I will come soon,"— arousing an expectation, a hope, or a desire, as the case may be, but giving no definite idea when it is to be gratified. Its use is a promise that means more to the receiver than to the giver, and often causes the former anxiety and uncertainty which a little more definiteness and a little more

thoughtfulness might prevent. There are few who cannot recall cases in which long, weary, and anxious waiting might have been avoided had a reasonable interpretation been put upon the little word "soon."

* * *

"A YANKEE in a Hoosier Land," out in Indiana, in the course of a very kind letter at hand this week, has this word to say to employers: "Give a boy credit for what he does right, and he will work for your interests. When I left school I went into a store, and one of my employers, who had learned the business in the same store before me, was right after the boys if they did wrong; but I never did any thing right without getting credit for it, and his words of commendation inspired me to do more and better. My health being poor, I left the store for an outside business, and there I tried to do my best; but for years it seemed as if I could do nothing right, and I was continually found fault with. Consequently I lost my interest, and did not do half that I might. Since I have had men under me, my own experience keeps coming

to my mind, and I have tried to have all patience possible with them, and to say a word of encouragement when they do right. I find it works well, and I believe my men like to work for me." No doubt of it. The fact is, while it is the right and duty of an employer to complain when he is not well served, it is equally his duty to acknowledge faithful service; and the man who fails in this is not only unjust, but impolitic. The average boy is manly, and wants to be treated man-fashion. He only asks justice, and he knows when he fails to get it. Indeed, no one has a keener appreciation of justice, or smarts more keenly under injustice, than a boy. The employer who treats his boys fairly and honorably will be repaid tenfold in faithful service. If a boy prove trustworthy, trust him, not grudgingly, but openly and heartily. More than one boy that could be named has gone to the bad because, when he was honestly trying to do his best, he was constantly watched and doubted. *Per contra*, one is recalled who refused to leave his employer, even when superior pecuniary inducements were held out, giving as his reason that he had been

trusted to do his work without being watched, and that he had faith to believe that the time would come when Mr. —— would be in a position to do better by him. And it did. If that "boy" were to draw his check for $20,000 to-day, any bank in Boston would honor it at sight.

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An old sea-captain, well known in the days of Hâvre packets, who "sailed the seas over" for fifty years and more, used to tell that in the early part of his first voyage as captain, when he had but just turned twenty-one, his cabin-boy complained of a lame back. There was a medicine-chest aboard, whose contents it was the captain's duty to dispense according to the best of his knowledge and ability. In a shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest were three or four Spanish-fly plasters ready spread on kid, and one of these the captain decided to apply to the boy's back. It was done, and the little fellow sent to bed. In the morning he was on hand bright and early, but the captain's usual cup of coffee was missing. "Cook isn't up, sir," was the boy's

explanation. "Why not?" asked the captain. "Says he can't get up, sir." "Why not?" "Says his back hurts him, sir." "Back? what 's the matter with his back?" "The plaster, sir." "What do you mean?" exclaimed the captain; "I didn't put the plaster on *his* back." "No, sir, but *I* did," whimpered the boy. "You did, you young rascal," howled the captain, jumping from his berth; "what on earth did you do that for?" "Well, sir," answered the boy, getting well out of the range of any stray boot-jack or other missile that might chance to be within the captain's reach, "when I woke up in the night it hurt me so that I had to take it off. The cook was in the next bunk asleep, and I just clapped it on his back: I didn't want to waste the plaster, sir." And he didn't. It worked to perfection, keeping the poor cook in bed with a sore back for over a week; and in the next bunk, keeping him company, was the boy, also with a sore back; but it wasn't the plaster that made it so. A rope's end was a favorite prescription in those days.

* * *

Had thieves left Mr. A. T. Stewart's ashes alone, they were destined to sanctify a splendid crypt in Bishop Littlejohn's new cathedral on Long Island. In by-gone days it was the habit to entomb in such splendors the bodies of famous saints, whose worldly goods might be reckoned at a crucifix, a missal, and a pilgrim's robe of sackcloth. Is it a sign of a new gospel and a better one when in cathedral graves the ashes of the millionnaire assume the traditional resting-place of the saint?

* * *

There are those who are constitutionally opposed to granting favors to their fellow-beings, — an uncomfortable class, who deserve no consideration from any one. Then there are those who are continually thrusting their favors upon others, — a class almost as uncomfortable to get along with, especially as the recipient of their attentions is invariably left under a sense of obligation. But there is a class of favors which may be accepted without any such feeling, since they cost the giver nothing, either in time or money, yet are invaluable to the recipient. A poor fellow who had been

badly injured in a railroad accident out West "drew the line" admirably. He was a brakeman, and had been hurt in the discharge of his duty. His home was in the East, and the road which he had served passed him to the terminus of its line. The next did the same, and also the next; but at last he came to a superintendent who hesitated. The poor fellow pleaded his case. He was a railroad man. He had been hurt at his post. He had been passed by all the other roads. "All very well," said the superintendent; "but I can't see my way clear to give you a pass. If you were working for a farmer, and were to get hurt in his employ, would you expect another farmer to get out his team and take you to the next town?" "No, sir," said the brakeman; "not that exactly; but if he was hitched up and going my way, I should think he was mighty mean if he wouldn't give me a ride." He got the pass.

* * *

It is a serious fact that the more "branches" our schools teach, the less the pupils learn. Not only is the time so cut up that but little is devoted

to any one study, but the constant shifting from one to another so distracts and confuses the pupil, that the impressions which he receives are apt to be vague and fleeting. It is very certain that the more a pupil knows the better it is for him, provided he knows it "certain." Our present system of education has many warm and earnest defenders, persons whose opinions are entitled to the highest possible regard; but it is nevertheless true that a tree is best judged by its fruit, and it is very certain that the annual crop of "graduates" is not what might reasonably be expected, considering the money spent upon our schools, and our boastful claims concerning them. True, the pupils have a superficial and "showy" knowledge of many things; but thorough knowledge of any one branch is hard to find. Now, the chief object of schooling, the rudiments having been mastered, is to learn how to learn; but our schools, too many of them, are teaching how not to learn. The arts of drawing and music are taught to a certain extent; but the greater art of study, the art which enables the pupil to concentrate the energies of his mind and master the

subjects in hand, is shamefully neglected. The fact is that study, real study, is hard, tiresome, exhausting work, and no new-fangled "system" or "method" will ever make it any thing else. The boy that is going to really learn algebra, geometry, or trigonometry has got to think, — think for himself; and that 's just what the schools rarely teach him to do. It isn't enough that he should understand the solution of a problem, the demonstration of a proposition, or the derivation of a formula. That is superficial. If he is really to learn, he must think out the solution for himself, demonstrate the proposition, and have as clear a knowledge of why a formula is correct as of the formula itself. But teaching of this sort takes time, and here seems to be the thing which our schools lack. To be sure, they have all the time there is, but they seek to crowd so much into it that it comes very short.

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"See the moon!" said a lady to her nephew, a bright little boy of five, as they sat looking out the window together the other day. "The

moon!" said the little man. "You can't see the moon in the daytime." "Yes, you can," continued his aunt; "there it is over the trees." The little fellow had to admit that he saw it, but added, "'T ain't lighted, any way."

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Of idle hands and idle brains there is an ever-growing number, and "What shall I do?" is a question which is disturbing many minds. It is bad enough for men, many of whom have loved ones looking to them for maintenance; but to women it is infinitely worse, because of the small number of avenues open to them. And to one class of women in particular this question is an ever-present source of trial and trouble. There is in this and in all other communities a class of young women who have enjoyed a good and elevating education, who have been sheltered in pleasant and loving homes, but who foresee that the day must come when they will be thrown upon their own resources and must care for themselves. They have been bred to do no gainful work, their education fits them for no employment that can

earn them a living, and though they make a good appearance and seem light-hearted and gay, they have a secret consciousness that an unknown future is before them. Marriage is the solution to which most of these girls look forward in a vague and uncertain way, and they go on in idleness because they know not what to do. The world owes every one, man and woman, a living; but the world expects something in return, and exacts it. Now, the girls referred to are, most of them, ready and willing to do something, although too many of them are so fastidious in their tastes that they lessen still further the few possible avenues of usefulness open to them. A girl who would think it her brother's bounden duty to accept *any* work, however distasteful, and hope for something better later on, will object to any thing that is offered her unless it suits her fancy exactly. And yet there is no reason why girls should not start with the idea that they have their way to make in the world as well as boys. Save in a very few cases, every American boy grows up with the knowledge that he has got to obtain employment, and *work* from the time he

leaves school. The pay, in money, may be small at first; but he is learning a business, and getting a foothold, and that is no small part of his pay. There is no reason why girls should be brought up with the idea that they were born to be taken care of, while their brothers are given to understand that they have got to care for themselves. But they *are* brought up with this idea, and herein lies the mischief. This much is certain. No man who really wants work, and is ready to do his utmost at any thing, remains long out of employment of some sort; and the answer to be made to girls who ask, "What shall I do?" is, "Don't wait for just the thing that suits you: take up with the very first thing that you can find, and do it with all your might. You will be sure to find something, and if you are fitted for something better, that will come in time."

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Twenty years ago, when the anti-slavery agitation was at its height, a Boston man found himself one day on a Mississippi steamboat, on his way to New Orleans. There were some rough customers

on board, gentlemen who were walking armories, so well were their persons supplied with the arms and munitions of war. One day a little knot of these fierce-looking individuals were gathered on the quarter-deck, talking among themselves, and casting frequent glances at their fellow-passenger from Boston. At length one of their number sidled up to him and opened conversation with the remark, "From Boston, I believe?" "Yes," said the son of the "Hub," "I am from Boston." "Parker by name?" continued the Mississippian. "Yes, Parker is my name." "*Theodore* Parker?" growled the haughty Southerner. "Yes." "You don't mean to say that you are that miserable abolitionist," said the long-haired individual, toying with the hilt of his bowie. "Oh! no, not at all. You've got the wrong man. *My* name's Theodore *D.* Parker." "Well, stranger," said the representative of the "chivalry," "that's all right. But I'd advise you to write that 'D' —— plain."

***

A YOUNG man in Roxbury writes asking advice about becoming a journalist, and the best way to

begin. As there seem to be an inordinate number of persons who are anxious to join the already overcrowded ranks of journalism, perhaps it may be as well to answer his letter here. And the first suggestion to be made is that which Punch made to people contemplating matrimony, "Don't." Of the thousands who enter the ranks, very few attain even moderate prominence, and a mere handful eminence. Boston has a dozen eminent lawyers: it has not a single eminent editor, and wouldn't support him if it had. The best-paid editor in Boston doesn't get as much salary as the chief cook of a first-class hotel, and the profession as a whole, though honorable, is far from gainful. It involves steady, persistent work, a constant strain of the mental faculties, and no end of unintelligent, yet annoying criticism. There is no profession that exacts so much work for so small a return; none in which the steps of promotion are more numerous or more difficult to ascend. With this by way of preface, it may be said that the only way to get into the profession is to take some subordinate position. This should be on a country weekly or daily, where the candidate will have an

opportunity to try his powers on pretty much all kinds of work. If he go into a large daily office at the start, he is confined to some one branch, and his chances for promotion out of that special department are small indeed, for the reason that he has little or no opportunity to acquaint himself with the work of any other. But the editor of a country paper has to be reporter and proof-reader as well, must keep the run of his exchanges, attend to all correspondence, and often see to the business department also; and his assistant, if he can afford such a luxury, gets an insight into the whole management of the establishment. Success under such circumstances results, in time, in advancement; the candidate for journalistic honors gets a place on some city weekly or daily, and must take his chances for further promotion, which will depend upon his industry, his ability, and accident. The demand for service such as he can render is necessarily limited, the supply large and increasing, and he must be content to accept the best position and the best pay that he can get. One thing more must be said, and should be carefully considered by the would-be journalist at the

start. Hard as it is to get into journalism, it is harder still to get out. The training which a newspaper affords is not calculated to fit a man for any other known vocation or profession. In nineteen cases out of twenty the novice enters upon it "for better or for worse," and for all time. If he can make an honest living in any other way, he had better eschew journalism. If he must engage in it, let it be with his eyes open to the difficulties and disappointments that will inevitably beset his path.

***

"CULTURE" is having a hard time of it in the West. At a social gathering in Chicago recently, a gentleman was introduced to a young lady of whom the hostess spoke as "a very brilliant and entertaining conversationalist." The two chatted together for some minutes, and at length got to literary topics, Henry James and his short story, "Daisy Miller," coming up for discussion. "I have read it," said the lady, adding, with emphasis, "and I tell you, James has no heart." "But his stories are certainly entertaining," suggested the gentleman. "Yes, that may be," said the

"brilliant conversationalist," "but surely he cannot be compared with Shakspeare."

***

"The men who speak
With the loudest tongues do least."

It was a favorite remark of an old sea-captain, that he learned in youth never to talk about any thing that he had determined upon. "Men waste their energy in talk," he would say, "and have none left for their enterprises. But if they are wise enough to keep still, and devote themselves to doing, they will find that their actions speak for themselves, and that talk is unnecessary." Good advice this, but many find it hard to follow. Man is a social animal, and there is a certain pleasure in discussing one's plans with a friend, and enjoying their fruits in anticipation. Some go through the world in a cold-blooded, calculating way, seeking advantage at every turn, and doubtless finding it; but are they, after all, the best models to pattern after? Is not a little human weakness of this sort rather amiable, on the whole? It certainly is true that he who keeps

his mouth shut and his ears open, lays deep plans, and watches his opportunity as a cat watches to take the fatal spring, stands a better chance of what the world calls success than the more confiding kind. But what is success? Is it simply to lay up store of this world's goods? The many so view it; but those who have looked deeper feel that he is most truly successful who has borne his share of life's burdens and troubles, who has opened his heart to his fellow-men, whose thoughts have not been of self alone, and the workings of whose mind have not been wholly concealed. Of course, prudence is to be observed, and care must be taken in the choice of confidants. And, moreover,

> "still keep something to yoursel'
> You scarcely tell to ony."

But don't seal up the windows of your soul too tightly. It needs an occasional airing.

***

An incident in the life of a clergyman well known in Boston. Many years ago, while spending a few days with a friend in the country, word

came that in a village twenty miles off, the minister had been suddenly called away, and with it a request that the visiting clergyman would supply his pulpit on the coming Sunday. He consented, and drove to the village on Saturday afternoon. Arrived there, he soon found the resident minister's house. It had a broken-down, uninviting look, and his knock at the door was answered by its mistress, whose look was any thing but one of welcome. "Yes," she said, "this is the house; and this," turning and unlocking a door, "is your room. It 's a little dark and damp, for we don't open it often. We use it mostly for funerals."

***

Time was when the lecture platform was one of the great factors in our educational system. Lecturers were esteemed for what they had to say, and the grace and power with which they said it. Lecture courses were arranged and managed by committees whose sole aim was to provide wholesome intellectual food for their fellow-citizens, and no idea of pecuniary gain entered into the mind of any one save the lecturer, who was fairly com-

pensated for his services. But in these later years the "bureaus" and "agencies" have come into the field, and all is changed. By shrewd management they have, in their own interest, brought the lyceum down to the "show" level, have put a lot of cheap, shallow-brained talkers and mountebanks upon its platform, and have sought to encourage what would best pay them, rather than what would best serve the public interest. The people's taste has been vitiated; audiences no longer look for instruction, but rather for amusement and entertainment; and the race of old-fashioned lecturers, the men who felt that their success depended upon study, thought, and honest work, is fast dying out.

***

Ethan Allen, whose misfortune it was to have a termagant for a wife, had, and deserved, a reputation for courage of the leonine kind. Some wags thought to frighten him once; but they mistook their man. One of them, arrayed in a sheet, stepped in front of him in the road late one dark night when he was on his way homeward. Ethan

stopped, looked at the spectre, and without a moment's hesitation, exclaimed, "If you come from heaven, I don't fear you. If you are the devil, come home and spend the night with me, — I married your sister." His neighbors never sought to test his courage after that. All of which comes from Vermont direct.

***

Boston has lost much during the past five years, — much trade, much prestige, and much money. But these do not cover her most serious loss. The course of business has wended its way Westward, millions of dollars' worth of merchandise that was formerly sold here is now distributed in New York and Chicago; but Boston's most serious loss has been in men, young, smart, enterprising business men, educated in her schools and at her expense, to grow up and take the place of the generation of merchants who have made her known and respected during the past century. But they were crowded out; there was no opening for them; and they have "gone West," to contribute their energy and talent, much needed

at home, towards building up younger cities. Of course, the best go; the other kind remain. Every business man in Boston will tell you that it is the part of true wisdom to "give the young men a chance," and to profit by their youthful energy and "push." But not one out of ten of them ever thinks of practising what he preaches. A man's credit isn't worth much in State Street until he has one foot in the grave, and the result is that young men of spirit who have an honorable ambition to get on in the world pack their things and leave. All of which is bad, very bad, for Boston's future.

***

They tell of a well-known Boston clergyman who, on his first visit to this city, years ago, spent the evening with the pastor of a flourishing church on Beacon Hill. Just as he was about to go, the sexton came in to see his pastor on a matter of business. The minister introduced his guest, and, expressing regret that he had not been able to show him more attention, urged him to come again, when he would take pains to entertain him. "Yes, Mr. ——," broke in the

sexton, "come again by all means, and I 'll show you round, too. I 'll take you to Mount Auburn."

***

So intricate and numerous are the duties and responsibilities that a republican form of government imposes, that were the citizen to inquire into every question, weigh all the evidence, and personally inform himself concerning every candidate, all his waking hours would not suffice to enable him to come to intelligent and accurate conclusions. Questions of national politics are more numerous and more difficult than most men care to grapple with; but when to these are added State and municipal "issues," the task becomes appalling. Hence the necessity of parties. No man can uphold every thing which either party does: he must content himself with doing the best he can under the circumstances, and joining with that which seems to him nearest right on the whole. But he has no right to join for all time. It is his duty to reserve the right of private judgment, and to revise his opinion at least once a year, according to the change in circumstances.

Party names endure, but party policies and aims change; and in a few years nothing but the names remain. It is blind following party, right or wrong, that gives power and influence to unscrupulous politicians. When individuals of a party reserve the right, and practise it, to abandon the party standard whenever they feel that it is in unworthy hands or represents false doctrines, political managers feel a wholesome check, and the unscrupulous sort retire in disgust, to the public advantage. It is what is called "the uncertain element," the class that votes each year upon its conscience, regardless of previous party affiliation, that professional politicians on both sides chiefly dread; and it is an encouraging fact that this element is increasing in importance and in strength. Its vote is cast for measures and for men, not for party, and is courted by both parties. And the only way for a party to win it is to come up to its standard.

***

"You 're a man after my own heart," said a belle at the Old South Ball to a young man who had opportunely rendered her a slight service.

"That 's exactly what I am after," he answered, as quick as a flash, and with a low bow. It certainly was impudent; but it is equally certain that the fair one smiled very sweetly upon him, and sailed away hanging upon his arm, to the dismay of a crowd of less audacious gallants.

* * *

Do the gay yachtsmen who go sailing by the twin lights of Cape Ann know the story of the heroine of Thatcher's Island? She was the keeper's wife, a bright, sunny-souled little woman. One day her husband and the assistant keepers crossed to the main-land, expecting to return soon. But a storm came up; no boat could live in the channel, and night fell. She feared that her husband and the others had ventured to cross, and knew the probable result. But she was faithful to duty. At the accustomed hour the lights shone out clear and bright from the two towers. All night long she tended and watched them, going from one tower to the other in the blinding, howling storm, stopping only to say a word of cheer to the frenzied wives of the assist-

ants, who, believing their husbands drowned, had no strength and no heart to help. When morning came, she looked towards the shore, and there, standing on the rocks, she saw her husband and the others. She counted. Yes, they were all there. Then she took new courage. The women helped a little, and the lamps were newly filled and trimmed, for the storm kept on, and there was no hope that the keeper could cross. Again night fell, and again the twin lights shone bright and clear, warning mariners to keep away from the granite "knuckles of Cape Ann." All night long she toiled; but it was easier now. Her husband was safe, and the sacred duty that he could not do she had done in his stead. With the first gray of dawn a boat put out from the cove. It reached the island, and the keeper jumped ashore just in time to support his brave wife as she fell in a swoon. Six months later came the reward. Keeper and wife were turned adrift, that one who had done a disreputable congressman's dirty work might have the place. Republics *are* ungrateful.

***

A son of Maine who went West in early youth, and has there attained wealth and an honorable position, returned last summer to visit his old home. At the village store he saw an old man whom he had known in his younger days. He accosted him, but was not recognized. "So you don't remember me," he said: "I am John R." "*You!*" exclaimed the old man; "you don't mean to tell me that *you* are John R.?" "I certainly am," said the visitor, shaking him by the hand, "and I 'm very glad to see you again." "Well," persisted the old man, "I *never did.* To think that this is you. They tell me you 've grown awful rich, John." John admitted that he had "saved something." "And they say you 're the president of a railroad, and get a big salary." Again John had to admit that rumor spoke truth. "I 'm glad on it, John! I 'm glad on it, my boy! It beats all what sarcumstances and cheek will do for a man."

***

"All the nice men are married!" exclaimed a bright-eyed beauty the other day, with a toss

of her little head. She probably meant to say that all married men were nice. Of course they are. It is marriage that makes them so; and the thing for that same little beauty to do is to take compassion on some miserable bachelor, and make him both happy and "nice."

***

Of all the men that served under the Stars and Stripes during the war of the Rebellion, none were more thoroughly in earnest or more truly loyal to the Union than those recruited in Western Virginia. The war was terribly real to them. Not one but had a brother, a friend, or a neighbor on the other side, with whom he had fought out the question in words long before arms were taken up. They felt that it was a personal quarrel. They were terrible fellows to fight, although frightfully lax in discipline. Their officers — those that were wise — took them for what they were, appreciated their fighting qualities, and soon ceased to worry about their lack of discipline. What mattered it if they were not exact in matters of salutes to their superiors? They

were prompt to obey when duty called, as brave as lions in the face of the enemy, and kindness itself to those who understood and appreciated them. One day, a command made up mainly of rough but manly fellows of this sort had a fight with the enemy, and captured a large number of prisoners. That night captives and captors bivouacked on the battle-field, and the next day began their march to the rear, where the prisoners were to be handed over for shipment North. Towards noon, a rebel officer beckoned to his side the major commanding the escort. "Last night," he said, "while I was asleep, my haversack was stolen. I know what war is, and I accept its fortune, good or bad. That haversack contained several things that I value, — one that I prize as I do my life, — the portrait of a lady." And then, glancing back at the rough cavalrymen, he added, sorrowfully, "I suppose there is small chance of getting it again." "I 'll see," said the major. The command was marching "by fours." In four lines word was passed from front to rear, each man communicating with the comrade next behind him. Within ten minutes

a sergeant rode up to the major and handed him a package. The major took it to his prisoner. "Open this," he said. There was the portrait, uninjured, and with it a bundle of letters, upon which the owner had written a request that it should be destroyed unopened in the event of his death. The seal was unbroken.

***

How he was beloved by those who possessed his friendship, they only knew. A stranger to fear, he had the heart of a child and the modesty of a girl. To relieve suffering was to him a pleasure. It troubled him to have his good deeds known, and he was at more pains to conceal them than are evil-doers to hide their sins. He was kind, not "kind to a fault," for 't is never a fault to be kind. He had that tenderness that belongs to true manliness alone, and no one sought his counsel or sympathy in vain. The daisies will deck his grave in the springtime, and look up at his name on the stone at its head. Could Causeur have his way, they

would read beneath it the last words he ever spoke, —

"REMEMBER, BOYS, I 'VE HAD A GOOD TIME."

* * *

A DISTINGUISHED Bostonian, whom his native city and State have delighted to honor, bethought him lately to buy a new vehicle. A bargain offered in the shape of a buggy which a friend was ready to dispose of at a fair price. It was "second hand," to be sure; but it was a good buggy, had been made "'pon honor," had seen but little service, and bore upon its panels the initials of the original owner, "B. C." The trade was made, and the buyer plumed himself not a little on having got a good thing at a low price. But there was one member of his family who was not altogether pleased. The son, a dapper young man, wanted a little more "style," and would have preferred a new vehicle of fashionable build. He said so much about it that his father at length lost all patience, and told him seriously that he was tired of his talk, and would hear no more about it. "But, father," said the young man,

"don't you think we had better have that 'B. C.' painted out?" "I tell you," said his father, "that I will not hear another word from you about it." "All right, sir," said the son, dutifully; "you know best, of course, but I thought that perhaps people might think *that* was when it was made." The father surrendered.

* * *

SHERIDAN said, —

> "You write with ease to show your breeding,
> But easy writing 's curst hard reading."

This must be the reason that three out of every four makers of verse write doleful stuff that is the hardest of all hard reading. They are forever singing songs that depress rather than cheer, and writing lines in a morbidly sad strain. Memory recalls a pastor who prided himself on his power "to make all the women cry," whenever he preached. His trick — it was nothing but a trick — was to paint some sad scene, a child's deathbed, or a mother's anguish at its loss, and thus work upon the susceptible nature of the weaker portion of his hearers. And they, poor things, half of them, took it for eloquence! And so half

the readers of current verse esteem poetry in proportion to the amount of "cry" there is in it, just as confirmed topers value liquor according to its "burn." What is wanted is more objective, descriptive verse. Let it be full of heroism and sentiment; tell of generous acts and thoughts, of manly and womanly doings. The more of these the better, and you may justly be proud of the "teariness" which these produce; but oh, rhymesters, do have done with mawkish sentimentality and hysteria-producing recitals of heart-rending scenes which exist only in your own diseased imaginations.

***

It was in the early morning, the restaurant had been opened for the first comers, and the landlord had just taken his seat at the desk, when in walked a somewhat seedy-looking individual who seated himself at one of the tables and ordered a generous meal, which he ate with seeming relish. Having finished, he rose and approached the desk, remarking that he had enjoyed his breakfast exceedingly. "Glad you liked it, sir," said the landlord in his blandest tones, at the same time pulling out the

cash-drawer in a suggestive way. "Yes," continued his guest, "the steak was delicious, and the coffee was the best I have tasted for years." "I am very glad you are so much pleased with our fare," responded mine host; "you must come again." "I will, thank you," said the man, turning to go. "Hold on," said the landlord; "that isn't all, by a long shot. You can't play that here." And with this he took a pistol from his drawer, and held it in the face of the would-be "beat." "What's that?" asked the latter, in trembling tones. "That? that's a revolver." "Oh, is that all? How you startled me! I thought it was a stomach-pump!"

***

Few ladies have any idea of the number of steps they take and the number of miles they walk daily in going about their houses. The pedometer, a little watch-like contrivance which, carried in the pocket, feels each footfall and records the total in miles and fractions, reveals some extraordinary facts. A lady, an acknowledged invalid, who thought she saved every unnecessary step, found

that she had, between breakfast and tea, walked nearly two miles without going outside her door. The pedometer would probably show that nervous ladies, who "can't sit still," and are constantly "jumping up" to get this or that, walk at least five miles a day in their travels about the house. What it would show in the case of the young ladies who dance by the hour, yet are too delicate to walk, may be imagined. Of course, exercise is a good thing; but exercise in the open air is the kind that is beneficial to health. If our ladies would manage to avoid a part of their unnecessary "trotting around" the house, — the result, in great part, of nervous habit, — and put the same number of steps into out-door exercise every day, the result would be greatly to the advantage of their health. And then, there are the stairs. If a lady were asked to hoist her own weight through twelve to fifteen feet of space, the ordinary height of a "story," she would esteem it a cruel hardship; but she will do precisely that half a dozen times a day to get her "other gloves," her fan, or to see that her hair is as it should be. Let any lady take pains to count the number of times

she climbs a flight of stairs in the course of a day, and she will be surprised to find how much of her strength is consumed in lifting herself.

***

A Boston minister, one who presides over a large and flourishing church at the South End, and "lends a hand" in all good enterprises, who was to preach in Providence, spent the night before with a friend in a village some miles distant, and walked to Providence Sunday morning. On his way, feeling hungry, he stopped at a house by the wayside, rang the bell, and asked the motherly-looking woman who came to the door if he could have a glass of milk and a slice of bread. "Well," she answered, "I suppose you can; but it does seem as though a big, strong man like you might earn his living by work, and not beg for it." He has been very considerate of tramps ever since.

***

"Why is it," asks a friend, "that professional men and business men so seldom get along comfortably together?" Simply because they seldom

understand each other. Their training, their modes of thought, their perceptions, are wholly different. When a professional man is employed, it is understood that the work is to be done his way. When a non-professional man is employed, it is understood that the work is to be done in his employer's way. They look at life, its objects and aims, from different standpoints, and their interpretations of the word "success" are as distinct and unlike as the two sides of the traditional shield over which the knights fought to the death. The man of business is apt to put quantity above quality. He can easily understand that a man who works a given number of hours daily is entitled to a given amount of recompense; he cannot quite appreciate the fact that another may justly earn ten times as much in one-tenth of the time. As a distinguished lawyer put it, "The man who wants a will or a deed drawn in my office can have it at the list price, but he who wants a piece of my brain to make a cog-wheel out of, so that the machinery of his business will run smoothly and without jar, has got to pay for it, and pay handsomely, not in proportion to its size, but

in proportion to its value to him." On the other hand, professional men are too apt to undervalue the importance of business men to the community, and to speak in a contemptuous, offensive, and altogether foolish way of "trade," as if those engaged in it were an inferior class.

***

Some children take naturally to a practical view of things. A little girl was saying her prayers the other evening, closing up with "God bless papa and mamma, little sister and everybody, and keep us from harm this night. Amen." The "little sister," a bright-eyed puss of five years, quietly remarked, "If you'd said 'everybody' to begin with, you needn't have made such a long prayer."

***

There are certain disagreeable people in this world who seem to take a special delight in annoying others by reminding them of things they would willingly forget. They are human Thorns, forever torturing their fellow-men for the sake of torture. Has a man met with misfortune in his business,

they are forever recalling the fact. Has a man in times that are gone wandered into devious paths, they are forever reminding him of it, often by congratulating him that that is past. Has a man blundered, they are forever telling him what "might have been." When the Thorn is of the masculine gender, there is one way of getting relief. He can be knocked down and taught manners. When the Thorn is of the feminine gender, the case is different and not so easily disposed of. But one such scourge in petticoats got her deserts the other evening. It was at a little party, where some score of people were gathered together. The Thorn sat near a young man who, in days gone by, had been guilty of follies that cost him dearly. He had put them all behind him. But the Thorn took occasion to recall them, in a subdued and confidential tone. The victim, who had been subjected to the same torture before, spoke up so that all could hear. "Madam," he said, "for five years I have been trying to forget all that. You have been trying to remember it. You have succeeded better than I. I congratulate you." The Thorn subsided.

***

At a dinner-party at which Judge Hoar, whose home is in Concord, was a guest, and the late Judge Thomas was also present, the question of the care of the insane came up for discussion, and it was stoutly maintained that the so-called "village system," under which the afflicted are kept apart in small communities, was superior to the asylum system. "However well the village system may work elsewhere," said Judge Thomas, "it can never succeed in America." And then, with a quizzical glance at Judge Hoar, he added, "It has been tried for some years in Concord, and has proved a complete failure."

***

Every now and then somebody discovers that the president of Harvard College and the chief cook of one of our leading hotels get about the same pay, and launches out into a long essay concerning the inequality of compensation in this world, and the inadequate reward which brains receive. There is an element of truth in it, but there is one factor which is apt to be forgotten. The president of Harvard receives a salary ade-

quate to his wants. At all events he is satisfied, and that is the main thing. But that is not his entire compensation. He has a position, official and social, which any one might be proud to hold. He is known and respected from one end of the land to the other. All doors open to him. If he go abroad, the fame of Harvard precedes him, and he is everywhere an honored guest among the learned, the good, and the great. His responsibility is great, but so is his power. He may not accumulate wealth, but he has something that wealth cannot buy; and when he dies, his name will be inscribed with those of men whom this community, this whole country, have honored and revered. On the other hand, the chief cook of the hotel in question — But is it necessary to paint the *other* side of the picture?

***

One day there entered Buchanan Read's studio in the Via Marguta a tall, lank American, whose home was in the West, and who had been in Rome but a day or two. "Your name 's Read, I believe," he said. "Yes," answered the painter-

poet, meekly. "Well, Read," said the stranger, taking a seat, "I want to do something for American art, you know. Now, here's fifty dollars. Get me up something showy for the dining-room."

***

"WHAT do you mean by 'applying the personal equation'?" asked a friend. To "apply the personal equation" is to consider and take into account, when estimating the value or importance of what a person says or does, his or her peculiar characteristics, prejudices, and environment. Many do this unconsciously; others who have thought more deeply do it systematically and understandingly; while those who are ignorant of it measure their friends and associates by an incomplete and therefore false standard. What a sanguine man says has a value wholly different from the same thing said by one who looks on the dark side of things; what an impulsive man does is to be judged very differently from the same act done by a considerate, prudent one. This is obvious. But there are more subtle characteristics — seen by the practised eye only

— which deserve due weight and consideration, and he who best understands and appreciates them gets along most easily with his fellow-men, and is most successful in understanding them and making them bend to his wishes. "He seems to know me better than I know myself," said a lady of a gentleman of her acquaintance. It was true, though she didn't know why. It was because he knew her personal equation, and she didn't. When people begin to study their own peculiarities and characteristics, and, having mastered them, formulate them into a permanent equation, always to be kept at hand for ready use, they begin really to know themselves. Many a man would be saved from unwise steps, from assuming duties and responsibilities for which he is wholly unfitted, and under which he will inevitably break down, if he would but study himself carefully and conscientiously. Having mastered himself, the mastery of others is comparatively easy.

***

The late Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia, well known as the partner of Winans in Russian rail-

road contracts, and the inventor of the Harrison Sectional Boiler, for which the American Academy of Arts and Sciences awarded him the Rumford medal, was emphatically a "self-made" man, self-made by industry, perseverance, and — brains. It was in Switzerland, while climbing the Gemmi. The conversation fell on his companion's chances of rising in the world should he embrace the profession of a mechanical engineer. Mr. Harrison favored the idea, saying that this was the age of invention and improvement, that machinery was constantly being applied to new uses, and that he who would make it a study and master it in all its forms would never lack for remunerative employment. "But I have no skill in drawing." "Neither have I," said Mr. Harrison; "I never had time to learn. But I have always found that if I had an idea I could express it on a shingle with a piece of chalk, and let a draughtsman work it out handsomely and according to rule. And I 've generally had ideas enough to keep three or four draughtsmen busy. You can always hire draughtsmen, but you can't hire ideas. Study

to have ideas, my boy; don't worry about your drawing." —— Analogous to this is a remark made by the *chef* of a great hotel in New York. It was noticed that the monarch of the kitchen devoted himself to the soups. "Why do you make the soup?" he was asked. "Because ze ozares cannot make him. Zay can make ze roast, ze fry, ze stew; but ze soup, ah! monsieur, ze *chef* alone can make ze soup."

* * *

A UNIFORM, as a badge of responsibility and duty, is all but unknown in America outside the limited circle of the army and navy. The severely simple uniform of an officer in either arm of the Government service is a sign and token that he who wears it represents the nation, — it is a badge which he is proud to wear, and which it is his bounden duty never to disgrace. But the vast majority of uniforms worn in America are meaningless concessions to the public's — and perhaps the wearers' — love of "fuss and feathers," of shining tinsel and staring colors, calculated, perhaps, to please the children, but only to inspire

ridicule in the minds of thinking men. The red caps of the soldier messengers, the shoulder-straps and braid of the sprightly telegraph boys, mean something, and are entitled to respect; but the ridiculous rig, to say nothing of the alleged "decorations" which adorn so many of our militia warriors, is simply absurd.

***

It was in Scarborough, Me., a place famed for fish, but not for the richness of its soil, although about one-half its population manage to keep body and soul together by farming. There had been a long drought, and one Sunday, when a clergyman who had come by way of "exchange" was to preach, one of the deacons, having referred to the "dry spell," suggested that a petition for rain was desirable. "The soil 's rather thin, isn't it, Brother B.?" said the minister. "Rather," answered the deacon; "but we need rain." The good man took his place in the pulpit, opened the morning service, and when the proper time came said, "O Lord, thy servant is instructed to pray that thou wilt send rain to

this land; but thou knowest, O Lord, that what it wants is dressin'."

***

Waltzing used to be described as the "poetry of motion," but it is any thing but that as practised now. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine any thing more ungraceful than the mixture of hugging and running which is taught to-day as "waltzing." The dancing-teachers find it to their advantage to discover some new step every year, so that those whom they taught last season will have to come again; just as the dressmakers find it to their advantage to invent new fashions every year, so that last year's dresses, though but little worn, will have to give place to new ones. But if the waltzing step must be changed, why can't it be changed for the better occasionally?

***

It is a fact that has been noticed and commented upon, time out of mind, that many husbands neglect those little attentions and marks of affection of which they were so lavish during

courtship. Of course, there must be a reason for a custom which, though reprehensible in the abstract, has the sanction of all but universal practice, and it becomes the duty of the philosopher to inquire into and expound it. Perhaps it is best illustrated by an anecdote told by a friend, whose wife, by the way, manifested her displeasure in very decided terms while he was relating it. It seems that on Columbus Avenue there dwell a wedded pair who were made one last fall. No knight of old was more devoted to his "faire ladye" than was the husband during the honeymoon and the moon that followed it. But ere the third moon had waned, the young wife noted — or thought she noted, no doubt it was fancy — a change. As time passed on, it became still more apparent. Her husband was loving, of course; but somehow there was a lack of the old ardor, there was a falling off in the old demonstrativeness. This troubled her, and, woman-like, she was quick to conclude that his love for her had cooled. One evening, after thinking the matter over all day, she broke out with, "You don't love me any more." "What makes you think so?"

he asked, in a business-like way, scarcely lifting his eyes from the book which he was reading. "Because," she sobbed, "you never pet me any more, and you are not half so attentive as you used to be." And then she broke down into a regular cry. The husband saw that something must be done. Laying aside his book and regretfully relinquishing his cigar, — a man does hate to be disturbed when once settled for the evening, — he went to his weeping wife, and led her to the window. "My dear," he said, "do you see that horse-car coming up the avenue?" "I do," she sobbed. "And do you see that man running to catch it?" "Yes, dear, what of it?" "And do you see that he is straining every nerve, that he is shouting to the conductor at the top of his voice, and doing his best to make the car stop?" "I do," said the wife, whose curiosity was aroused; "but what on earth has that to do" — "One moment, my dear. Look again. Do you observe that he has caught the car, and that he is no longer running, but is probably quietly seated inside, taking a rest? He has got through shouting and running, because he has caught the car.

Now, my dear," — at this point he kissed away her tears, — "it is just so with me. I have caught the car." And with that the self-satisfied monster led his wife back to her seat on the sofa, and silently resumed his easy-chair, cigar, and book.

***

Is it with others as it is with Causeur in the matter of melodies, perfumes, and tastes? They always recall the place and circumstances under which they were first experienced or forcibly impressed, and bring up the scene with startling and often delightful reality. Take the matter of taste. He never can eat mutton broth without being so forcibly reminded of the saloon of a Cunard steamer that he actually sees the long tables, covered with a framework to keep the dishes from slipping, the overhead racks full of decanters and wine-glasses, the bright pewter dish-covers; without actually smelling the odor peculiar to the place. He never smells violets that they do not recall the Place de la Madeleine, where, as a boy, he used to buy them; nor lilies of the valley, without having before him, in all its detail, the Lung'

Arno, with its bridges, its shops, its hotels, its flower-girls, — famed for beauty because they possess none, — and the yellow river rolling on to the sea. Mignonette — but never mind *what* mignonette recalls. Music is the most perfect awakener of memory. Let a person sing or even whistle "Dixie," and there rises — what think you? The Coliseum of Rome, hoary with age, all its rugged outlines toned down by the flood of soft light that only an Italian moon can give. Why? Because it was there, "on such a night," that he first heard it. He has heard it a thousand times since. He has lain in the rifle-pits at Petersburg and heard the rebel bands play it across the line. He has heard fair Southern maids of rebel proclivities sing it as only such maids could sing it. He has heard it as a campaign song. He has danced to it and marched to it, but the first impression remains. The Coliseum towers majestically above all. And what is true of mutton broth, violets, lilies, mignonette, and "Dixie," is true of a hundred other things. Is it so with other folk?

* * *

More than twenty-five years ago, a little boy, not yet in his teens, took his first lesson in "the art and mystery" of printing from a gentleman in middle life, who explained how the "case" was arranged, and why, and practically exemplified the process of "setting up" type. "This, my boy," he said in a serious tone, yet with a kind smile, as he placed his hand on the lever of an old-fashioned Franklin hand-press, "is the most powerful weapon known. In the hands of bad men it is dangerous; in the hands of good men it can work miracles. We hope to abolish slavery with it." That man was William Lloyd Garrison.

* * *

Fools not only ask perplexing questions, but sometimes give home-thrusts for answers. In Southborough, two generations ago, there lived a poor half-witted fellow named Tim, who had a bad habit of swearing. One day he indulged in a volley of profanity, which the village minister overheard. "Tim," said the good man, reproachfully, "I am sorry to hear you use such language.

I fear that I shall be a swift witness against you on the day of judgment." "No doubt of it," answered Tim, adding, quick as thought, "folks that want to clear themselves are always ready to turn State's evidence."

***

The pastor of a church in Rhode Island died suddenly, and the congregation, by whom he was much beloved, was thrown into great grief. On the Sunday following the funeral the son of the deceased, also a clergyman, conducted the service. It was a solemn scene. The pastor's family, in deepest black, occupied the front pews, while the young man stood in the place made sacred by his father's ministrations. The sermon was little more than a eulogy on the virtues of the deceased. Near its close, overcome by emotion, the son's voice faltered, his arms dropped across the pulpit, his head sank upon them, his hands worked in his strong agony, and his tears fell upon the open Bible. Uttering a few broken words of prayer, he sank into a seat. Every head was bowed. Sobs were heard all over the church. Just at this

solemn moment the deacons rose — *and passed the contribution-box!*

***

Some favors, however well intended, are favors in name only. A good deacon was riding along a country road homewards, in his worn and weather-beaten chaise, behind a horse that considered time a matter of small importance. At the cross-roads he fell in with a man who was travelling afoot. The kind-hearted deacon offered him the seat by his side, and the invitation was promptly accepted. But ere they had ridden a half-hour together the stranger asked the deacon to stop, got out, and bidding him good-by, said, "Ye meant well, stranger, no doubt, but ye *have* hindered me." And he strode ahead, leaving the slow-going Dobbin where the little boat was, — "a long way astern."

***

Some years since there arrived at the Revere House in Boston a newly-wedded pair from Bangor. They took the best suite in the house, had a private table, and spared no expense. On the morning of the third day the groom ordered

the trunks taken down and marked "Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York," at the same time asking the row boy to bring up his bill. He got it soon after, and started for the office. "Is this bill right?" he asked. "Yes, sir, all right," answered the cashier, glancing over the items and running up the figures; "yes, sir, $91.25, that's exactly right." "Very well," said the groom, "if that's your figure, here's the money. I've no fault to find, but you'd better mark those trunks for Bangor."

***

Chicago has a Malaprop of the male persuasion, whose blunders are a constant source of amusement to his friends. Not long since he was travelling, and was assigned to share a room in the hotel with an acquaintance. He was just about putting out the gas before retiring, when his roommate, already in bed, exclaimed, "What *have* you got on?" "Why, you see," was the answer, "my wife forgot to pack my night-shirt, and I've impovrished one out of my duster."

***

It was back in the fifties, seven or eight, say twenty years ago, — a score of years is a long time to look forward to, but glancing backward it seems but yesterday. One of Boston's best-known merchants, a man who was great in business and great in philanthropy, was walking briskly down town. He met a friend, and paused to exchange a word. The usual salutations and mutual inquiries about trade having passed, the pair dropped into the then all-absorbing question of slavery. The merchant had pronounced views, and did not mince words in expressing them. He had thought the problem out for himself, had reached his own conclusions, had no doubt of their accuracy, and had for years acted upon them. The discussion grew warm, and was proceeding apace, when his friend brought things to a standstill with the remark, "But you are too fast, Mr. ——. *You begin by assuming that slavery is wrong.*" "Sir," said the merchant, stepping nervously back, "I am willing to give money and work to elevate and educate the masses on this question, and you must take your chances with the crowd. *I have no time to waste on an individual fool.* Good morning."

* * *

Said a rising young poet, puffing his after-dinner cigar, "When you find a man who says he has an idea for a poem, but don't know what form of verse to put it in, mark him for a fraud. He's no poet, — he's a tape measurer. *Kill him with a yardstick.*"

***

A wicked story of a jovial soul who appeared at the gates of heaven and sought admission. St. Peter came out, looked the applicant over, asked a few leading questions, and finally said, severely, "No, you can't get in. You're not fit." The traveller stepped back, looked the saintly door-keeper steadily in the eye, and crowed three times. The saint turned pale, shuddered, fumbled for his key, and opened the door. "If you are going to be personal," he gasped, "you can enter, but don't do that to me again."

***

To be forever dwelling on the past with regret and approaching the inevitable future with distrust is a symptom of a morbid and disordered condition of the mind. The past is past. We

cannot change it. Memory is apt to hold and recall what was pleasant in it, — she kindly veils and hides what was otherwise. But the future, — the future will depend much upon ourselves; and if we are wise, we shall bend our thoughts and energies to making it what we would have it. Approach it cheerfully and confidently, full of hope, and with an abiding faith in its blessings. He who keeps his eye, his thoughts, his heart upon the past, inevitably stumbles upon the future, and sees no opportunities until they are gone. But he who resolutely turns his back upon the past, and, with hopeful heart, active brain, and searching eye, peers into the future, finds its ways pleasant and easy, and avails himself of many "short cuts" to prosperity and happiness. Have faith in to-morrow. It will not disappoint you.

"This is everywhere cherished — this everywhere heard:
'It will all be right in the morning,'"

especially if, by faithful, cheerful, and honest endeavor, you strive to make it right.

* * *

Just as one of the poor children's excursions was on the point of starting, a bright little fellow accosted the kind gentleman who was helping the stream of diminutive humanity into the cars, with, "Nice day for the excursion, Mr. Smith." "Yes, my boy," answered the gentleman, pleasantly, "but how did you know my name?" "Oh! I remember you, sir, although you don't remember me. I went on the first excursion, two years ago." "And so you 're going again?" said Mr. Smith; "jump right in." "Going? No, sir! I 'm not going. I came down to see 'em off. I 'm a contributor." And he was. Out of his hard earnings he had given a whole dollar, that other boys and girls might have as good a time as he had two years ago.

* * *

It is a curious fact that small men, small in stature as well as in intellect, are often seized with an ambition to be great, the result being, as a rule, that they succeed only in making themselves ridiculous. A man had a pet dog, a "pug," good-natured, intelligent, and affection-

ate, but very small. One night his master came home somewhat "elevated," and addressing the dog, who ran to meet him, he said, "Jack, you're a good dog, and you're a handsome dog; but, Jack, *you'll never be a big dog*, you know."

***

Some years since, there arrived in Cincinnati a man from the interior of the State, who had a drove of hogs to dispose of. The packers of pork were then, as they now are, disposed to buy as low as possible, and it was alleged that they had entered into a combination to keep down the price of the live article. The stranger visited one establishment after another, but failed to get an offer that suited him. At length he concluded to have the hogs packed on his own account, — that is, to turn them over to a packing establishment, to pack at his charge, and sell for his account. The bargain was made, and he returned home. Some three months after he was met by a friend who had heard of the transaction. "You packed your own hogs this year, didn't you?" asked the friend. "Yes." "Did you

save any thing?" continued the inquirer. "Oh yes, I saved something. I saved my life, but I lost my hogs."

* * *

It doesn't pay to take advantage of another's necessities. It is done, however, constantly, and by men who pride themselves on their shrewdness. A well-known business man in Boston wanted certain work done. It required special professional skill, which but few ever attain. But he found a young man who possessed it in a high degree, who was greatly in need of work, and consented to work for very small pay. The employer chuckled. The young man went to work, and worked on a definite plan. He put the very best skill he had into his work. His employer's customers were delighted. They not only liked what he did, but they liked it so well that they would have no other. Again the employer chuckled. His business was growing in proportions and in profit. One day the young man asked for higher pay. His employer said he couldn't afford it. The young man *knew* that that was a *lie*, but he didn't say so. He kept on

working, doing better and better. Again his employer chuckled, not alone over his gains, but over the fact that he had, as he thought, deceived the young man. His confidence in his own sagacity had a rude awakening one morning when he learned that his "dupe" had set up in business for himself. The customers who liked his work would have no other. The employer has not been able to find any one who can *just* match it, at any price, and his business is steadily going down. It doesn't pay to be *too* shrewd. You may buy things for less than they are worth for a time, but the balance has got to be paid in the end.

***

We all remember how Rothschild shamed a guest who got down on his hands and knees to hunt for a sovereign which he had accidentally dropped, by taking a fifty-pound note from his pocket, twisting it into a taper, and lighting his cigar with it. A story is told of a party that sought to make a display of their wealth in a similar way. The first lighted his cigar with a ten-dollar greenback. The second "went him

ten better," and consumed a twenty-dollar note in the same way. The third, not to be outdone, sacrificed a cool fifty. Then the fourth and last declared he 'd beat the crowd, took a blank check from his pocket, filled it out for a round thousand, signed it, *and then lighted his pipe with it.* And the joke of it was that the other three "caved" at once at his reckless extravagance! A clear case of "fiat" money.

***

Some one says, "a crammed brain is seldom a fresh one." Never was truer word spoken. People who do nothing but store their minds with facts and the ideas of others are apt to have very few ideas of their own, and those that they do evolve are generally flat and stale. "Reading makes a full man," it is true, but there is such a thing as being too full. There is no room left for the imagination, no time left for thinking, that process of digestion which prepares the mind's food for assimilation. The idea that reading is the one thing needful to improve the mind has obtained much too strong a hold, and a

habit of individual and independent thinking is too much neglected. People who do their own thinking, and freely say what they think, whether with tongue or pen, are the really valuable members of society, after all.

***

In a town near Boston there lives a good lady who suffers acutely from sciatica. She has consulted physicians far and near, but has been unsuccessful in finding any cure. Not long since she heard that a man living not far away was afflicted with the same disease in an aggravated form, and it occurred to her that she would call upon him and ask whether he had ever found any thing that would avail to lessen its terrors. She did so, and having introduced herself, stated her errand. "Do you," she asked, "find any thing that affords you relief?" "Yes, marm," he replied, "two things." "Two things? Pray what are they?" "Cursing and swearing," said the invalid. It is added that on her return home the good lady told her husband that she only regretted that she could not avail herself of this

remedy. "Not that I have any conscientious scruples," she said, "but I don't know how."

* * *

"TRUTH," said the rector, "is convex." You may follow the line of truth so far that it brings you to its antipodes, falsehood. All things are proportional in this world, and he who pushes too far in any one line leaves so much behind that his position becomes abnormal. The development of one taste or one faculty to the neglect and detriment of others is inconsistent with the best good. The perfect man is a rounded whole.

* * *

NOT long since a mother died, leaving six children to mourn her loss. The circumstances of the family did not admit of their purchasing the usual mourning garments, but one little girl obtained a piece of broad, black ribbon, which she fastened about her as a sash. She was obliged to wear her ordinary clothing, but, with pathetic fidelity, she each day pinned the black sash about

her, a simple but touching token of respect for the memory of her dead mother.

* * *

Now that the ladies have the right to vote in this State on the choice of members of the school committee, they are beginning to find out why it is that men devote so much time to politics, and to realize that the discharge of political duties is not such a simple matter after all. Many who were taken with the statement that "a woman can drop a paper ballot into a box as easily as a man can," are beginning to find out that "dropping a ballot into a box" bears about the same relation to the political duty of a citizen as putting a garment on does to making it. The garment is useless unless worn. The ballot is useless unless dropped into the box, — but how about the making? Voting is the crowning act, the fruition; but politics would be in a bad way indeed, if no one did any thing but vote. To discharge political duties properly requires acquaintance with political questions. That the ladies have not. "But they can acquire it?" Certainly. They have only to

do what men do, — read and study and think, say for five or six years, and they will begin to grasp things. "But there are many men who never read, study, or think, yet they vote." True, more's the pity; but that is not a good reason for adding more voters of the same kind to the list. "But now that ladies are to vote, they will study and read and think." Will they? That is exactly the question that remains to be determined. They have now every opportunity to prove it, and many people who have all along felt that woman suffrage was sure to come in some form sooner or later are watching events with a good deal of interest. One thing is certain: if women are going to content themselves with voting, it would be much better had the franchise never been given them. If they are to help the cause of good government, they must assume all the duties of citizenship, inform themselves concerning current events, men, and measures, and, in a word, learn to take broad, comprehensive views of things. It may be an ungallant thing to say, but it is true, nevertheless, that such, as a rule, is not their present custom. Neither do they cus-

tomarily recognize any obligation to abide by the clear result of an argument. Perhaps the ballot will reform them in these respects. We shall see.

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It was a French musician of the old school who, having listened to a performance of the more modern style, said, "*Autrefois on jouait fort bien — maintenant on joue bien fort.*"

***

"All things come in time to him who waits," says the proverb; but how few there are who know how to wait. This feverish, anxious, expectant waiting, how it wears upon the soul, robbing the thing waited for of half its pleasure. It is a calm, confident, patient waiting that bears the earliest and most certain fruit, the waiting that does not seem long because the waiter has discounted disappointment at the outset by expecting it to be long. The man or woman who has an object to accomplish may set all possible machinery in motion, may plan and scheme, but in nine cases out of ten there will be no success without wait-

ing, — patient, steady, silent waiting. The wise man watches the development of his plans, notes every symptom, and estimates its bearing and importance, but he bends his energies to waiting, and — succeeds.

* * *

A CERTAIN Massachusetts judge, at the outset of his career as a limb of the law, established himself in Abington, and hung out his "shingle" as a lawyer. He was a stranger in the town, and soon after his arrival asked a man whom he chanced to meet, where he could find the chairman of the selectmen. "What do you want of him?" was the Yankee-like reply. The young man explained that he was a stranger in town, that he was just starting in his profession, and that he thought it might help him to know the leading people in town. "Oh! that's it, is it?" said the party of whom he sought information. "You are a lawyer, are you, and don't know anybody? The overseers of the poor are the men you want to know."

* * *

It was a favorite maxim of one of Boston's old-time merchants, that "the greatest possible expediency is the closest possible adherence to the highest absolute right." Whether in business or in social relations, "short cuts" which involve a departure from this rule inevitably work disadvantage in the end. True, men often seem to prosper by sailing as near as they deem safe to what they know to be absolutely wrong, but they lag behind before the race is over.

***

A well-known Bostonian was trying a horse one day, in company with the owner, a professional "jockey." Having driven him a mile or two, the gentleman, noticing that he pulled rather hard, and showed a good deal of spirit, requiring constant watching and a steady rein, said, "Do you think that is just the horse for a woman to drive?" "Well, sir," answered the jockey, "I must say that I shouldn't want to marry the woman that could drive that horse."

***

It is to be regretted that the habit of drinking wine to excess has become so common at some of the club dinners for which Boston is noted. And by "drinking to excess" is not meant absolute intoxication, but rather that clouded state of the brain which makes the individual appear either stupid or silly to those of his companions who have been wise enough not to get into the same condition. The social glass, temperately and moderately used, is doubtless an aid to good cheer and good fellowship; but the trouble is, that in the hands of the young it is more than apt to be abused, that too often its votaries make fools of themselves, and too often pave the way for a course of life which is a sorrow to their friends and a disgrace to themselves. Children are not to be trusted with loaded fire-arms or edged tools, and in the same way companies of young men are much safer without wine. The exuberance of youth should certainly be sufficient to furnish all needed spirits, and as for "driving dull care away," they will find in the end that wine will increase rather than lessen it. Properly conducted clubs are excellent things. They enable

men to extend their acquaintance both in a business and social way, they break up the routine of every-day life, and are continually opening up new avenues of information and new opportunities. But their influence for good is destroyed and more than offset by their influence for evil, when drinking is made their prominent feature.

* * *

"If any of your readers," writes a friend, "ever attended Gorham (Me.) Academy, they will remember Rev. Caleb Bradlee of Scarborough, — Parson Bradlee as we boys used to call him. He would make us a visit two or three times a term and talk to us in old 'South Hall.' We always expected something funny, and we always got it. Once he told us during a certain Democratic presidency that if we were good boys, we should make good men. 'Some of you,' said the parson, 'may make a Washington or a Jefferson, and the Lord knows 'most any of you might make a Polk.'"

* * *

In a long and somewhat rambling letter complaint is made that when a letter is received by a member of the family, every other member expects to be informed of its contents, and that when this is not imparted it is immediately assumed that the missive contains something of a secret or private nature, so much so that in sheer self-defence the person receiving the letter hands it over to be read by others, when, as a matter of choice, she would much prefer to keep its contents to herself. A remedy for this sort of thing is wanted. The first suggestion to be made is, that in a really well-bred and well-regulated household no such difficulty should exist. Everybody has a right to have friends, and everybody has a right to converse with such friends without any obligation to repeat the conversation to any one. The same rule applies to correspondence, which is neither more nor less than conversation on paper. It is needless to say that there are cases in which it is not considered proper for persons to enter into familiar correspondence; but, that right once granted, it becomes their own private and individual affair, to pry into which is at once

foolish and impertinent, — foolish, because means always can and always will be taken to circumvent it; and impertinent, because — well, because curiosity concerning the affairs of others is always impertinent. The best way to treat people who seek to know the contents of your letters is to make it an invariable rule never to gratify their curiosity. Stand squarely on your rights. Read your letters by yourself and to yourself; put them away in a safe place, — or, better still, destroy them, — volunteer no information, and, if questioned, say that you do not feel at liberty to repeat what is said to you. Do this in every case, whether the letter received be an important one or merely a trivial note. It will not be long before your tormentors will come to understand your position, and respect it; and when once that point is gained, you can afford to be more lenient, and communicate the contents of such letters as you choose, reserving others for your own eye only. Idle curiosity and a certain suspiciousness of disposition are to blame for all the trouble in the matter; and a little vigorous treatment such as has been outlined above will be found to work

wonderful cures. "But," it is suggested, "suppose a gentleman is permitted to correspond with a lady on condition that her mother shall read his letters. What then?" What then? Why, that is part of the contract, and must be carried out. But it would be simpler if he should correspond with the mother direct. The man who can't be trusted to write to a lady unless her mother sees his letters, can't be trusted to talk with her — except in her mother's presence. Such a man had better neither be talked to nor written to.

* * *

"When I was a young man," said Colonel B., "we lived in Illinois. The farm had been well wooded, and the stumps were pretty thick. But we put the corn in among them, and managed to raise a fair crop. The next season I did my share of the ploughing. We had a 'sulky' plough, and I sat in the seat and managed the horses, four as handsome bays as ever a man drew rein over. One day I found a stump right in my way. I hated to back out, so I just said a word to the team, and, if you 'll believe it, they just walked

that plough right through that stump as though it had been cheese." Not a soul expressed surprise. But Major S., who had been a silent listener, remarked quietly, "It 's curious, but I had a similar experience myself once. My mother always made our clothes in those days, as well as the cloth they were made of. The old lady was awful proud of her homespun, — said it was the strongest cloth in the State. One day I had just ploughed through a white-oak stump in the way you speak of, Colonel. But it was a little too quick for me. It came together before I was out of the way, and nipped the seat of my trousers. I felt mean, I can tell you; but I put the string on the ponies, and, if you 'll believe it, they just snaked that stump out, roots and all. Something had to give, you know."

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A FAIR correspondent wants a word of reproof said to those young men of Massachusetts who, by going to other parts of the country to live, help to increase the female majority in this State, and add insult to injury by actually finding wives

outside the State and bringing them home with them. It is a shame; but how is it to be helped? Young men find it hard to get any thing to do here, and, becoming impatient, seek their fortunes in the newer parts of the country. There they find maids as fair and as fond as any that even the Old Bay State can boast, and their hearts are entangled before they know it. They need sympathy, not censure, poor fellows. They can't help it. They mean to be loyal, but "the lips that are near" have the advantage, and prove too much for them. Words of reproof will do no good. Either means have got to be found to keep the young men at home, or else the girls must, like them, seek out their fortunes in parts of the country where the disproportion between the sexes is not so great. As it is, the young men have things too much their own way in the East, and the young women have things altogether too much their own way in the West, and something ought to be done about it. But what?

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In an old barn at the foot of the garden, disused save by the little folks, for whose entertainment it had been fitted up with a swing or two, the children had been busy for a week. Stray boards disappeared. Hammers and nails were in use, — that much was certain. Consultations, carried on in whispers, were frequent. There were visits to the village store for calico, green cambric, and wall-paper. The younger neighbors were in the secret. At last it all came out. There were to be charades, — all the children were to take part, and all the grown folks were to be invited. The eventful day came. All repaired to the barn, where the "manager" was found at the door, taking up the tickets. The green curtain worked wonderfully well, the scenery and properties answered every purpose, and the acting was excellent. It pleased the grown folks, and it was a great occasion for the little ones, who, when they become men and women, with the cares that manhood and womanhood bring, will look back with no little pleasure to that August afternoon in the old barn at the foot of the garden.

* * *

It was in a Pullman "sleeper" between Albany and Buffalo. Among the passengers were a middle-aged couple, evidently on their first journey, and a sour-faced old maid, rather desiccated in her general effect, who was travelling alone. The couple had an upper berth, and the "maiden well stricken in years" the upper berth in the adjoining section. In the same car were a couple of frolicsome youths, ready for any sort of mischief. Bedtime came, and all hands retired. But the husband could not sleep. Whether it was because of the motion of the cars, the noise, or the novelty of the situation, he could not tell, but, try as he would, he could not sleep. At length it occurred to him that he was thirsty. The more he thought of it, the more thirsty he got. So he called the porter, who brought the ladder, and helped him down. Now, while he was gone for the water, one of the "boys" stepped out of bed and shifted the ladder so that it rested against the berth in which the ancient maiden was sleeping, and then returned to his bed to note the result. In a moment or two the husband returned, and crept quietly up the steps, anxious to make as little

noise as possible so as not to awaken his wife. The occupant of the berth, thus rudely intruded upon, awoke with a start, and screamed. The husband, supposing it to be his easily frightened wife, tried to reassure her, and said, "It is only me." "Only you, you old scoundrel," said the venerable maiden, "I'll teach you a lesson," and with that she seized him by the hair of his head and screamed for help. Then *he* howled with pain. Then his wife, awakened by the noise, discovered where her husband was, and raised her voice in lamentation, heaping reproaches upon her faithless spouse. Then the passengers all got up, and demanded an explanation of the commotion, and foremost among them was the wretch who had caused it all. Then the husband, covered with confusion, and utterly unable to account for what he had done, climbed down from his perch, and slunk away to bed, where he was soundly lectured for his faithlessness. Altogether it was a most uncomfortable though ludicrous situation, and the glances of defiance that were exchanged between the wife and the old maid all through the next day were a study. The cause of all the trouble

leaked out, but it never reached the ears of those chiefly affected by it.

* * *

During the Rebellion, the law school at Cambridge was presided over by Professors Parsons, Parker, and Washburn. They were divided in their political views, and each did his best to maintain his opinion. Professor Parker was one day asked, "How do you get along on politics at the law school?" "Nicely," he answered, "we are equally divided." "But how can that be," continued the inquirer, "there are three of you?" "Easy enough," replied the professor; "Parsons writes on one side and I on the other, and Washburn, — he speaks on one side and votes on the other."

* * *

It has been well said that it does not pay to spend too much time lamenting over a friend's idiosyncrasies, which are very apt to be harmless, after all. He may be vain, he may be pompous, he may be egotistical. What of it? Talking about it will not change him, dwelling upon it will

not make you any happier or him any better. You have got to take men as you find them in this world, and it will not do to let inconsequential defects blind you to what is good in men. There are men of large acquaintance, large experience, and varied learning, whose society would, it is true, be more enjoyable if they would communicate what they have to say without making self quite so obtrusive; but it is far better to overlook that, and fix the attention on what is good and substantial in them. This way that some have of constantly keeping themselves in the foreground is more a habit than a vice, and the best way is to look entirely over them into the real view beyond. It will often be found well worthy of examination, for it not seldom happens that such people are the very ones who have the most interesting and instructive experiences to relate. If a man think himself big, let him. It does not make him so.

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"A MANY years ago" two young men, John and James, Boston boys both, were fellow-clerks on Kilby Street. John went to Chicago in its

muddy days, prospered, married, raised a family, and, ere his hair was gray, became a well-to-do, substantial citizen, open-handed and open-hearted. James remained at home. He, too, prospered, married, raised a family, and became one of the "solid men of Boston." Now it fell out that when John's eldest son — they called him Jack — was twenty-one, he visited Boston, bearing a letter to his father's old friend, whom he found in a dingy Pearl Street counting-room, deep in the "Advertiser." Jack presented the letter, and stood, hat in hand, while the old gentleman read it *twice*. "So you're John's son?" he said. "You don't look a bit like your father." Then there was a pause, Jack still standing. "What brought you to Boston?" he was asked. "Well, sir," said Jack, "father thought I'd better see his old home and get a taste of salt air." "Going to be here over Sunday?" "Yes, sir." "My pew is No. — at Trinity. Hope to see you there. Glad to have met you." And there the interview ended. Now it chanced that, not long after, James's son, roving through the West, reached Chicago. He remembered his father's friend by

name, and hunted him up in his office. "Well, my son," said a pleasant voice, before he had closed the door. "My name is James ——, sir, and I thought" — "WHAT? You don't mean to say that — Of course you are. I might have known it. Where 's your baggage?" "At the hotel, sir." "At the hotel? We 'll go and get it, and take it right up to the house," answered the genial old gentleman, closing his desk with a vigorous slam. "We 'll go right up *now*. There 's plenty of time for a drive, this afternoon. This evening you can go to the theatre with my girls, and to-morrow you and I will take a run out on the C. B. & Q., and have a look at the country. Then I want to take you out to the stock-yards, and have a trip on the lake, and" — "But, sir," broke in the overwhelmed young man, "I must go home to-morrow." "Tut, tut, my boy, don't talk that way. You can't begin to see this city under a week, and you 're going to stay *that* long, anyhow." And he did. In fact, he 's there now. He married one of those "girls."

THE END.

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